30 CENTS PER COPY.

Winnowed Gems

Rev. C. C. McCabe & Rev. J. M. Macfarlan, EDITORS

SACRED SONGS

ESPECIALLY ADAPTED FOR

Revivals, Camp Prayer and Meetings.

NEW YORK & CHICAGO.

BIGLOW & MAIN

SUCCESSORS TO

Wm. B. Bradbury

Nelson & Phillips,
Methodist
Publishing House,
NEW YORK.

National Publish
Ass'n for the
Promotion of Hol
921 Arch St.
Philadelphia, P

$25 PER 100 COPIES

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2014

https://archive.org/details/winnowedhymnscol00mcca_0

CXX

Rebecca A Wood.
Norristown,
Pa.,

WINNOWED HYMNS:

A COLLECTION OF

SACRED SONGS,

ESPECIALLY ADAPTED FOR REVIVALS, PRAYER AND CAMP MEETINGS.

Rev. C. C. McCABE and Rev. D. T. MACFARLAN,
EDITORS.

NEW YORK AND CHICAGO:
PUBLISHED BY
BIGLOW & MAIN, (SUCCESSORS TO WM. B. BRADBURY.)
NELSON & PHILLIPS, 805 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
NATIONAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION FOR THE PROMOTION OF HOLINESS, No. 921 ARCH STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

FOR SALE BY BOOKSELLERS AND MUSIC DEALERS.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1873, by Biglow & Main, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

PREFACE.

IT is not presumed that *all* the wheat from the great harvest of song has been gathered into this little garner.

We simply claim that no chaff is here.

In compiling "**Winnowed Hymns**" we have yielded to a long cherished desire to collect our favorites from many books into one.

Our object has been to select such hymns as will be found intensely devotional, therefore we do not hesitate to say that "**Winnowed Hymns**" will prove one of the most valuable works ever issued for Camp Meetings, Praise and Social Meetings.

We confess to a great desire that our little book should be extensively used at the *Family Altar*. Holy song should always constitute part of our worship there. No pressure of business, no household cares should ever cause the omission of a song of praise to Him "who maketh for us the out-going of the morning and evening to rejoice."

We have endeavored to make "**Winnowed Hymns**" in every respect what its title would convey—a compilation of the best selections from the extensive copyrights of the Publishers and others, embracing the never-to-be-forgotten songs of Wm. B. Bradbury, I. B. Woodbury, Rev. R. Lowry, W. H. Doane, S. J. Vail, Hubert P. Main, Wm. G. Fischer, Asa Hull, Rev. L. Hartsough, &c., &c.

We desire to make special acknowledgement of kind services and valuable suggestions rendered to us by Rev. W. McDonald, Mr. John C. Middleton and others, and for the deep interest taken by them in the success of this work.

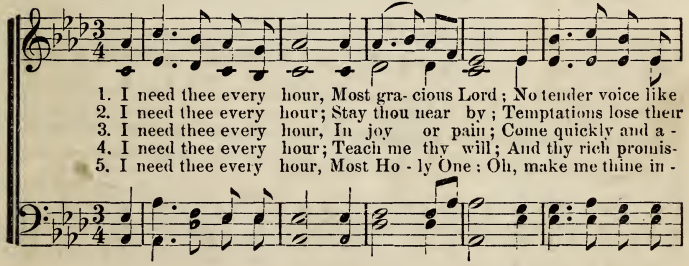
C. C. McCABE,
D. T. MACFARLAN.

WINNOWED HYMNS.

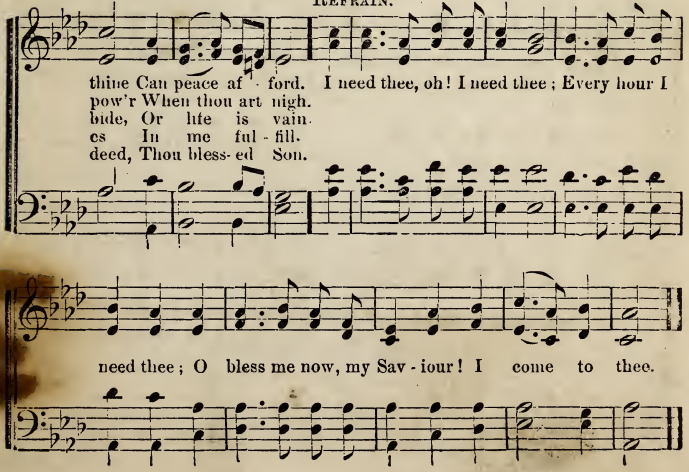
I need Thee every hour.

Mrs. A. S. HAWKS.

Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.
From "Royal Diadem." by per.



REFRAIN.



Safe in the Arms of Jesus.

FANNY J. CROSBY, 1868. W. H. DOANE. From "Songs of Devotion," by per.

1. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on his gentle breast,
2. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe from corroding care,
3. Je - sus, my heart's dear re-fuge, Je - sus has died for me;

CHO.—*Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on his gen - tle breast,*

rit. *End.*

There by his love o'er-shad - ed, Sweetly my soul shall rest.
Safe from the world's temptations, Sin cannot harm me there.
Firm on the Rock of A - ges Ev - er my trust shall be.
There by his love o'er-shad - ed, Sweet - ly my soul shall rest.

Hark, 'tis the voice of an - gels, Borne in a song to me,
Free from the blight of sor - row, Free from my doubts and fears;
Here let me wait with patience, Wait till the night is o'er;

D. C. CHORUS.

O - ver the fields of glo - ry, O - ver the jas - per sea.
On - ly a few more tri - als, On - ly a few more tears!
Wait till I see the morning Break on the golden shore.

Pass me Not.

W. H. DOANE.

FANNY CROSBY. 1868. From "Songs of Devotion," by per.

1. Pass me not, O gen-tle Saviour, Hear my humble cry; While on
2. Let me at a throne of mercy Find a sweet re-lief; Kneel-ing

oth - ers thou art smil-ing, Do not pass me by. Saviour, Saviour,
there in deep con-tri-tion, Help my un-be-lief.

CHORUS.

hear my humble cry, While on others Thou art calling, Do not pass me by.

3.

Trusting only in thy merit,
Would I seek thy face;
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,
Save me by thy grace.
CHO.—Saviour, Saviour, &c.

4.

Thou, the spring of all my comfort,
More than life to me;
Whom have I on earth beside thee?
Whom in heaven but thee?
CHO.—Saviour, Saviour, &c.

I Love to tell the Story.

KATE HANKEY. Wm. G. FISCHER, by per.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un-seen things a-bove, Of Je - sus
2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More wonderful it seems Than all the

and his glo - ry, Of Je - sus and his love, I love to tell the
gold-en fan-cies Of all our gold-en dreams. I love to tell the

sto - ry Because I know 'tis true; It sat - is fies my longings As
sto - ry It did so much for me! And that is just the rea - son I

CHORUS.

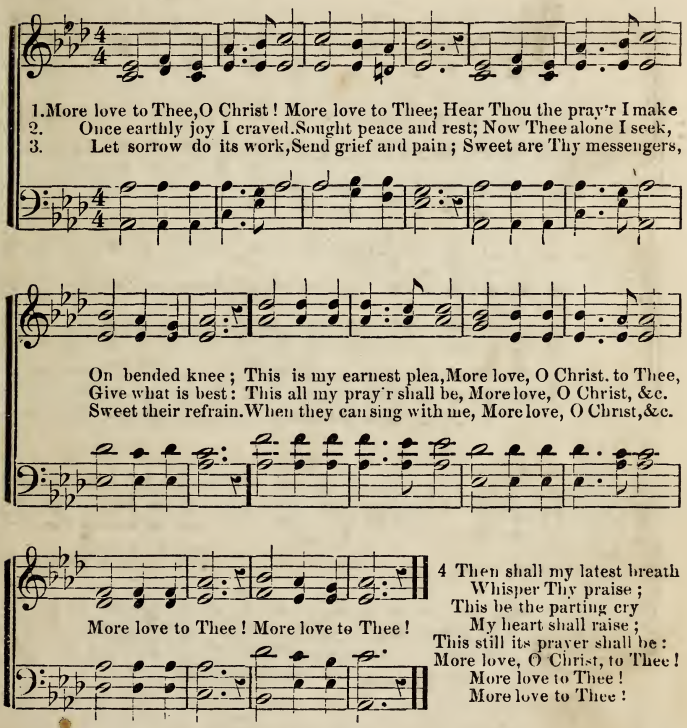
nothing else can do. I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill be my theme in
tell it now to thee.

glo - ry, To tell the old, old sto - ry, Of Je - sus and his lov

More Love to Thee, O Christ.

Words by Mrs. E. PRENTISS.

W. H. DOANE.
From "Songs of Devotion," by per.



4 Then shall my latest breath
Whisper Thy praise;
This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise;
This still its prayer shall be:
More love, O Christ, to Thee!
More love to Thee!
More love to Thee!

Tune, "I Love to Tell the Story," page 6.

I love to tell the story;
'Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet.
I love to tell the story;
For some have never heard
The message of salvation
From God's own holy word. *Cho.*

4 I love to tell the story;
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the new, new song,
'Twill be—the old, old story
That I have loved so long. *Cho.*

The Precious Name.

Mrs. LYDIA BAXTER.

W. H. DOANE.
From "Pure Gold," by per.

1. Take the name of Je-sus with you, Child of sorrow and of woe—
2. Take the name of Je-sus ev - er, As a shield from every snare;

It will joy and comfort give you, Take it then where'er you go.
If temptations 'round you gather, Breathe that holy name in pray'r.

CHORUS.

Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of

Precious name, O how sweet!

heaven, Precious name, O how sweet—Hope of earth and Joy of heaven

Precious name, O how sweet, how sweet,

3 Oh! the precious name of Jesus;
How it thrills our souls with joy,
When His loving arms receive us,
And His songs our tongues employ! *Cho.*

4 At the name of Jesus bowing,
Falling prostrate at His feet,
King of kings in heav'n we'll crown Him,
When our journey is complete. *Cho.*

Rev. E. ADAMS. Arr. from J. M. EVANS.

1. "Land a - head!" its fruits are waving O'er the hills of fadeless
2. Onward, bark! the cape I'm rounding; See the bless - ed wave their

green; And the liv-ing waters laving Shores where heav'nly forms are seen.
hands; Hear the harps of God resounding From the bright immortal bands.

CHORUS.

Rocks and storms I'll fear no more, When on that e - ter nal shore; Drop the

an - chor! Furl the sail! I am safe within the vail!

3.

There, "let go the anchor," riding
On this calm and silv'ry bay;
Sea-ward fast the tide is gliding,
Shores in sunlight stretch away.
Cho.

4.

Now we're safe from all temptation,
All the storms of life are past;
Praise the Rock of our salvation,
We are safe at home at last!—*Cho.*

At the Cross there's Room.

FANNY J. CROSBY, 1871.

Rev. R. LOWRY.
From "Royal Diadem." by per.

1. Mourner, whereso-e'er thou art, *At the cross there's room:* Tell the burden

of thy heart; *At the cross there's room;* Tell it in thy Saviour's ear, Cast a-

way thine every fear, Only speak, and He will hear; *At the cross there's room.*

2 Haste thee, wanderer, tarry not;
At the cross there's room;
Seek that consecrated spot;
At the cross there's room;
Heavy laden, sore oppressed,
Love can soothe thy troubled breast;
In the Saviour find thy rest;
At the cross there's room!

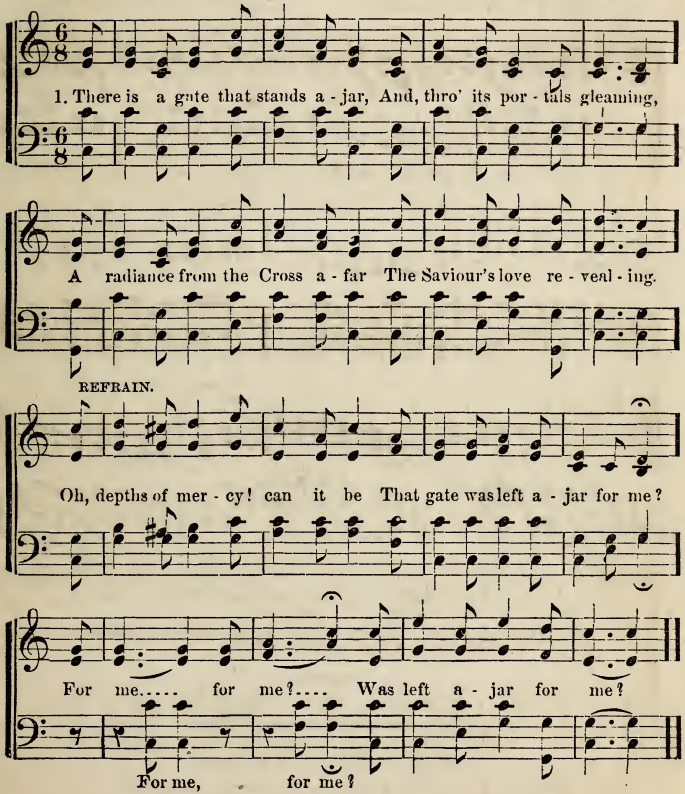
3 Thoughtless sinner, come to-day;
At the cross there's room;
Hark! the Bride and Spirit say,
At the cross there's room;
Now a living fountain see,
Opened there for you and me,
Rich and poor, for bond and free;
At the cross there's room!

4 Blessed thought! for every
At the cross there's room;
Love's atoning work is done;
At the cross there's room;
Streams of boundless mercy flow
Free to all who thither go;
O that all the world might know,
At the cross there's room!

The Gate Ajar for Me.

Mrs. LYDIA BAXTER.

S. J. VAIL. "From Singing Annual,"
By per. of PHILIP PHILLIPS.



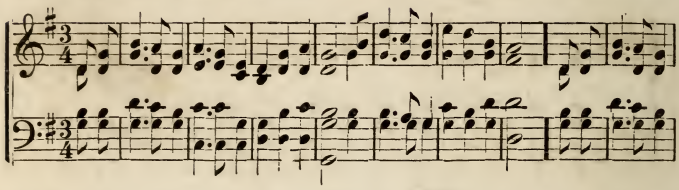
2 That gate ajar stands free for all
Who seek through it salvation;
The rich and poor, the great and small,
Of every tribe and nation. *Refr.*

3 Press onward, then, though foes may frown,
While mercy's gate is open,
Accept the cross, and win the crown,
Love's everlasting token. *Refr.*

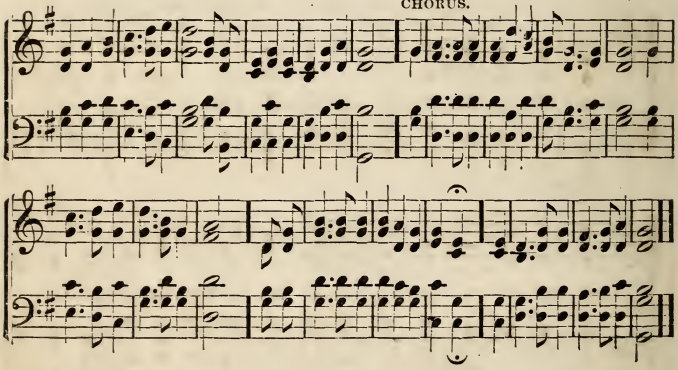
4 Beyond the river's brink we'll lay
The Cross that here is given,
And bear the Crown of life away,
And love Him more in heaven. *Refr.*

The Valley of Blessing.

Words by ANNIE WITTENMYER. Music by WM. G. FISCHER.



CHORUS.



1 I have entered the valley of blessing so sweet,
And Jesus abides with me there;
And his spirit and blood make my cleansing completo,
And his perfect love casteth out fear.

CHORUS.

O, come to this valley of blessing so sweet,
Where Jesus will fullness bestow—
Oh believe, and receive, and confess him,
That all his salvation may know.

2 There is peace in the valley of blessing so sweet,
And plenty the land doth impart;
And there's rest for the weary worn traveler's feet,
And joy for the sorrowing heart. *Chorus.*

3 There is love in the valley of blessing so sweet,
Such as none but the blood-washed may feel;
When heaven comes down redeemed spirits to greet,
And Christ sets his covenant seal. *Chorus.*

4 There's a song in the valley of blessing so sweet,
That angels would fain join the strain—
As, with rapturous praises, we bow at his feet,
Crying, "Worthy the Lamb that was slain'" *Chorus.*

ISAAC WATTS, 1709. S. J VAIL.

FINE.

1 A - las! and did my Saviour bleed? And did my Sovereign die?

D. C. Yes, Je - sus died for all mankind; Bless God, sal - vation's free.

Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?

CHORUS. D. C. *in Chorus.*

Je - sus died for you,.... and Je - sus died for me.....

for you, for me

2 Was it for crimes that I have done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree! *Chorus.*

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty maker, died,
For man, the creature's sin. *Chorus.*

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears. *Chorus.*

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away,—
'Tis all that I can do. *Chorus.*

The Rifted Rock.

L. T. H.

Rev. R. LOWRY.
From "Pure Gold," by per.

1. In the Rift-ed Rock I'm resting, Sure and safe from all a - larm;
Storms and bil - lows have u - nit - ed, All in vain, to do me harm;
In the Rift-ed Rock I'm resting, Surf is dash - ing at my feet,
Cho. In the Rift-ed Rock I'm resting, Sure and safe from all a - larm;

D. S. *for Chorus.*

Storm-clouds dark are o'er me hovering, Yet my rest is all complete.
Storms and billows have u - nit - ed, All in vain, to do me harm.

2 Many a stormy sea I've traversed,
Many a tempest-shock have known;
Have been driven, without anchor,
On the barren shores, and lone.

Yet I now have found a haven,
Never moved by tempest-shock;
Where my soul is safe forever,
In the blessed Rifted Rock. *Cho.*

Welcome to Glory.

Words by Mrs P. PALMER. Mrs. J. F. KNAPP, by per.

1. { O, when shall I sweep thro the gates! The scenes of mortal - i - ty o'er,
What then for my spir - it a - waits? Will they sing on the glorified shore? }

CHORUS.

Welcome home! welcome home! A welcome in glo - ry for me;

Welcome home! welcome home!

Welcome home! welcome home! A welcome for me!

Welcome home! welcome home! welcome home!

2 When from Calvary's mount I rise,
And pass through the portals above,
Will shouts, Welcome home to the skies!
Resound through the regions of love?
Welcome home! etc.

3 Yes! loved ones who knew me below,
Who learned the new song with me here,
In chorus will hail me, I know,
And welcome me home with good cheer!
Welcome home! etc.

4 The beautiful gates will unfold,
The home of the blood-washed I'll see;
The city of saints I'll behold!
For, O! there's a welcome for me!
Welcome home! etc.

5 A sinner made whiter than snow,
I'll join in the mighty acclaim,
And shout through the gates as I go,
Salvation to God and the Lamb!
Welcome home! etc.

The Sweet By-and-By.

Words by S. F. BENNET. J. P. WEBSTER. *

1st time.

1 { There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we can see
{ For the Fa - ther waits o - ver the way, (OMIT.....

2d time.

it a - far; To pre - pare us a dwell - ing place there.

CHORUS.

In the sweet by and by, We shall meet on that

In the sweet by and by,

beau - ti-ful shore, In the sweet by and

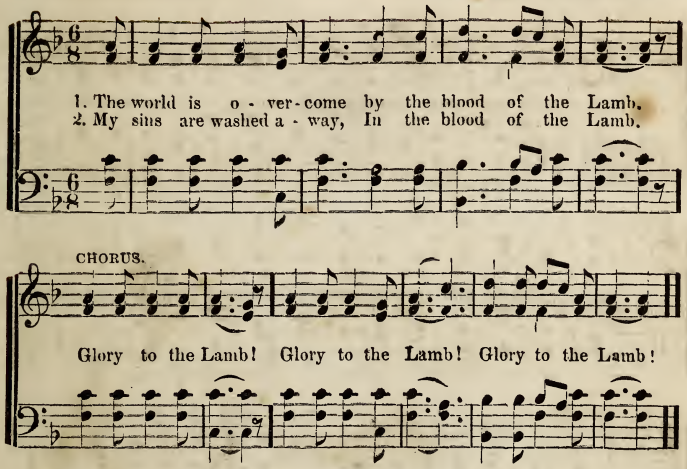
by and by, by and by, In the

by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore.

sweet by and by,

* By permission of OLIVER DITSON & Co.

Rev. B. W. GORHAM, Arr.



3 I've washed my garments white,
In the blood of the Lamb.
Glory to the Lamb, etc.

4 I've lost the fear of death
Through the blood of the Lamb.
Glory to the Lamb, etc.

5 The martyrs overcame
By the blood of the Lamb.
Glory to the Lamb, etc.

6 I soon shall gain the skies,
Through the blood of the Lamb.
Glory to the Lamb, etc.

Tune, "IN THE SWEET BY AND BY," page 16.

2.

We shall sing on that beautiful shore
The melodious songs of the blest,
And our spirits shall sorrow no more,
Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.
In the sweet, etc.

3.

To our bountiful Father above,
We will offer the tribute of praise,
For the glorious gift of his love,
And the blessings that hallow our days!
In the sweet, etc.

4.

We shall rest on that beautiful shore,
In the joys of the sav'd we shall share;
All our pilgrimage-toil will be o'er,
And the conquerors crown we shall wear. In the sweet, etc.

5.

We shall meet, we shall sing, we shall reign
In the land where the saved never die!
We shall rest free from sorrow and pain,
Safe at home in the sweet by-and by. In the sweet, etc.

I'm Kneeling at the Cross.

Words by Rev. J. PARKER. Music by S. J. VAIL.

1. The blood, the blood is all my plea, Nor should a sinner wonder, For guil - ty stain and stinging pain Hath torn my heart a - sun-der!

CHORUS.

But now I'm kneeling at the cross, Washing in the crimson tide, And cleansed, I tar - ry at the fountain, Opened at my Saviour's side.

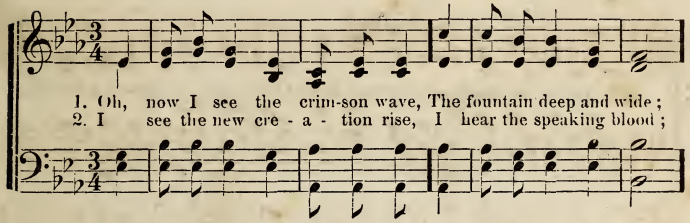
2 I rest, I rest supremely blest,
Without a care to canker;
No gloomy night, my path is light,
My hope holds like an anchor.
And still I'm kneeling, etc.

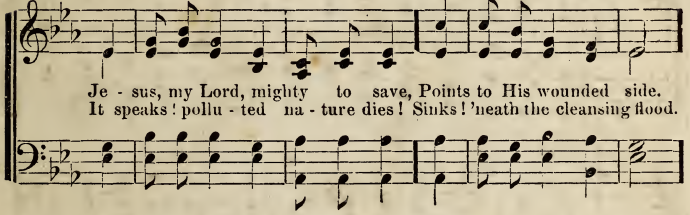
3 My cup, my cup it runneth o'er,
With joy celestial brimming:
On wings of love I soar above,
His hallelujahs hymning.
And still I'm kneeling, etc.

4 The blood, the blood is all my song,
I have no bliss without it;
From every stain it makes me clean,
My life and lip shall shout it.
And still I'm kneeling, etc.

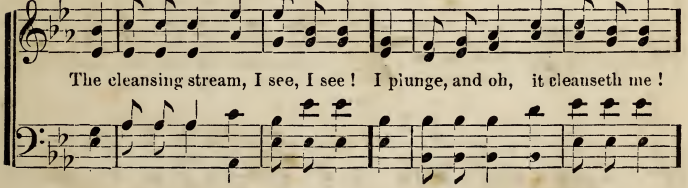
The Cleansing Wave.

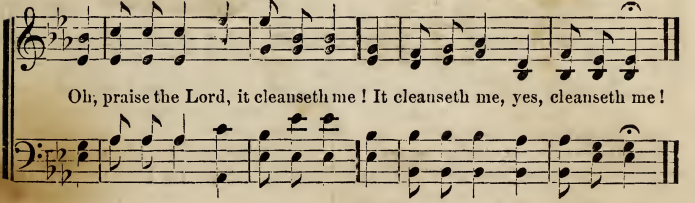
Mrs. PHŒBE PALMER. Mrs. JOS. F. KNAPP, by per.





CHORUS.





3 I rise to walk in heaven's own light,
Above the world and sin,
With heart made pure, and garments white,
And Christ enthron'd within. *Cho.*

4 Amazing grace! 'tis heaven below
To feel the blood applied;
And Jesus, only Jesus know,
My Jesus crucified. *Cho.*

The Cleansing Fountain.

COWPER, 1779. Old Melody.

1. There is a fountain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.

CHORUS.

Lose all their guilt-y stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains,
And sinners plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.
Cho. Wash all, etc.

3 Thou dying lamb! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd Church of God
Are saved to sin no more.
Cho. Are saved, etc.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.
Cho And shall, etc.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping stamm'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave.
Cho, Lies silent, etc.

FANNY CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.
From "Royal Diadem," by per.

1. There is an hour of calm relief From every throbbing care, 'Tis when, before a throne of grace, I kneel in secret prayer.

REFRAIN.

O that voice..... to me so dear, Breathing soft on my ear! Weary child,..... look up and see; 'Tis thy Saviour speaks to thee.

O that voice I love to hear, love to hear, Breathing soft on my ear, on my ear, Weary child, look up and see, look and see.

2 When one by one, like threads of gold,
The hues of twilight fall,
O sweet communion with my God,
My Saviour and my all!

3 I hear seraphic tones that float
Amid celestial air,
And bathe my soul in streams of joy,
Alone in secret prayer.

4 O when the hour of death shall come,
How sweet from thence to rise,
With prayer on earth my latest breath,
My watchword to the skies.

How Can I keep from Singing?

F. J. HARTLEY.

Rev. R. LOWRY.
From "Bright Jewels," by per.

1. My life flows on in endless song; Above earth's lam-en-ta-tion,
I catch the sweet, tho' far-off hymn That hails a new cre-a-tion;
Through all the tu-mult and the strife, I hear the mu-sic ring-ing;
It finds an ech-o in my soul—How can I keep from singing?

2 What though my joys and comfort die?
The Lord my Saviour liveth;
What though the darkness gather round?
Songs in the night he giveth,
No storm can shake my inmost calm,
While to that refuge clinging;
Since Christ is Lord of heaven and earth,
How can I keep from singing?

3 I lift my eyes; the cloud grows thin;
I see the blue above it;
And day by day this pathway smooths,
Since first I learned to love it;
The peace of Christ makes fresh my heart,
A fountain ever springing;
All things are mine since I am his—
How can I keep from singing?

We shall meet.

Rev. JOHN ATKINSON.

HUBERT P. MAIN, 1867.
From "Bright Jewels," by per.

ff *pp*

1. We shall meet beyond the riv - er, By - and - by, by - and - by;
2. We shall strike the harps of glo - ry, By - and - by, by - and - by;

ff *pp*

And the darkness shall be o - ver, By - and - by, by - and - by;
We shall sing redemption's sto - ry, By - and - by, by - and - by;

With the toil - some journey done, And the glorious bat - tle won,
And the strains for - ev - er - more Shall re - sound in sweetness o'er

ff *pp*

We shall shine forth as the sun, By - and - by, by - and - by.
Yonder ev - er - last - ing shore, By - and - by, by - and - by.

3.

We shall see and be like Jesus,
By-and-by, by-and-by;
Who a crown of life will give us,
By-and-by, by-and-by;
And the angels who fulfil
All the mandates of His will,
Shall attend, and love us still,
By-and-by, by-and-by.

4.

There our tears shall all cease flow-
By-and-by, by-and-by; [ing,
And with sweetest rapture knowing,
By-and-by, by-and-by;
All the blest ones who have gone
To the land of life and song,
We with shoutings shall rejoin,
By-and by, by-and-by.

Oh, Sing of His Mighty Love.

Rev. F. BOTTOME. D. D. Music by WM. B. BRADBURY, by per.

1 { Oh, bliss of the pu-ri-fied! bliss of the free! I plunge in the
{ O'er sin and un-cleanness ex-ult-ing I stand, And point to the

CHORUS.

crimson tide o-pen for me! }
print of the nails in his hand. } Oh, sing of His might-y love,

Sing of His mighty love, Sing of His mighty love—Mighty to save!

2 Oh, bliss of the purified! Jesus is mine,
No longer in dread condemnation I pine;
In conscious salvation I sing of his grace,
Who lifted upon me the smiles of his face!—*Cho.*

3 Oh, bliss of the purified! bliss of the pure!
No wound hath the soul that his blood cannot cure;
No sorrow-bowed head but may sweetly find rest,—
No tears but may dry them on Jesus' breast. *Cho.*

4 O Jesus the Crucified! thee will I sing!
My blessed Redeemer! my God and my King!
My soul filled with rapture shall shout o'er the grave,
And triumph at death, in the MIGHTY TO SAVE. *Cho.*

JAMES NICHOLSON. Wm. G. FISCHER, by per.

1. { Dear Je-sus, I long to be per fect-ly whole; { Break down every
{ I want thee for-ev-er, to live in my soul; {

i-dol, cast out every foe; Now, wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

SOLI. CHORUS.

Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow; Now wash me and I shall be whiter, &c.

2 Dear Jesus, come down from thy throne in the skies,
And help me to make a complete sacrifice;
I give up myself, and whatever I know—
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
CHO.—Whiter than snow, &c.

3 Dear Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat;
I wait, blessed Lord, at thy crucified feet,
By faith, for my cleansing, I see thy blood flow—
Now wash me. and I shall be whiter than snow.
CHO.—Whiter than snow, &c.

4 The blessing by faith, I receive from above;
O glory! my soul is made perfect in love;
My prayer has prevailed, and this moment I know,
The blood is applied. I am whiter than snow.
CHO.—Whiter than snow, &c.

Our Loved Ones gone before.

FANNY J. CROSBY, 1868. S. C. FOSTER. by per.

1 { Oh, how sweet when we mingle with kindred spir-its here, And
{ When by faith we can see him, and feel his presence near, It
D. C. We shall dwell with the angels and join their choral song, Our

FINE. CHORUS.

tell of Je-sus and his love; }
lifts our longing souls a - bove. } We shall meet on the banks of the
lov'd ones, lov'd ones gone be-fore.

D. C.

riv - er, Hap - py, hap - py there for ev - er - more.

2 Hark the words of our Master, be faithful, watch and pray,
Press on where joys eternal flow;
Let us journey together along the shining way,
And sing rejoicing as we go. *Cho.*

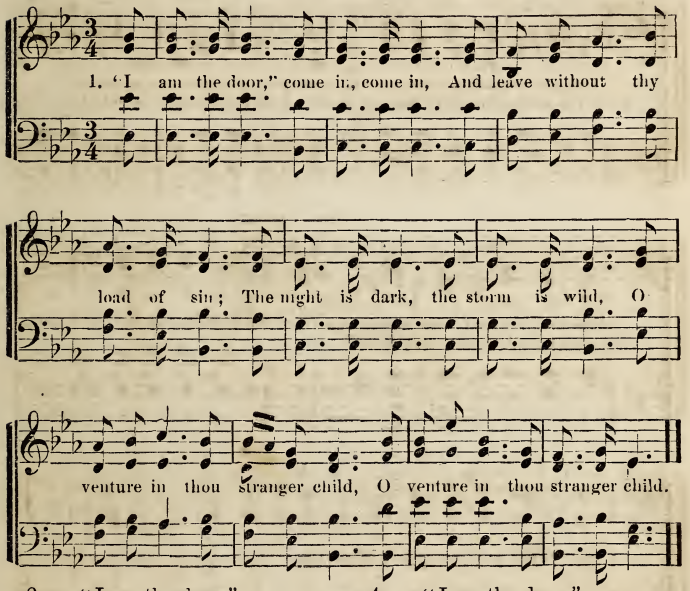
3 We are pilgrims to Zion, though trials we must bear.
We'll count them blessings in disguise;
Though the cross may be heavy, the crown we soon shall wear,
In heaven, where pleasure never dies. *Cho.*

SORROW SHALL COME AGAIN NO MORE.

1 What to me are earth's pleasures, and what its flowing tears?
What are all the sorrows I deplore?
There's a song ever swelling, still lingers on my ears,
"Oh, sorrow shall come again no more."
CHO.—'T is a song from the home of the weary:
"Sorrow, sorrow is for ever o'er:
Happy now, ever happy, on Canaan's peaceful shore.
Oh, sorrow shall come again no more."

Words and Melody by
Rev. DWIGHT WILLIAMS.

Harmonized by
S. J. VAIL.



2 "I am the door,"
Come, gently knock,
And I will loose the heavy lock,
That guards my Father's precious fold;
Come in from darkness and from cold.

3 "I am the door,"
No longer roam,
Here are thy treasures, here thy home;
I purchased them for thee and thine,
And paid the price in blood divine.

4 "I am the door,"
My Father waits
To make thee heir of rich estates;
Come, dwell with him, and dwell with me,
And thou my Father's child shall be.

5 "I am the door,"
Come in, come in,
And everlasting treasures win:
My Father's house was built for thee,
And thou shalt share his home with me.

---

2 I seek not earthly glory, nor mingle with the gay;
I desire not this world's gilded store:
There are voices now calling from those bright realms of day,
"Oh, sorrow shall come again no more." *Cho.*

3 'Tis a note that is wafted across the troubled wave;
'Tis a song I've heard upon the shore;
'T is a sweet-thrilling murmur around the Christian's grave:
"Oh, sorrow shall come again no more."—*Cho.*

(Tune page 26.)

Resting at the Cross.

WM. J, KIRKPATRICK, by per.

1. To the cross of Christ, my Saviour. I had brought my weary soul, Burden'd, faint, and
2. At the cross, while meekly bowing, Jesus, smiling, bade me live; "I have died for

CHORUS.

broken hearted, Praying, "Jesus make me whole." Glory, glo-ry be to Je-sus,
your transgressions, And I freely all forgive."

I am counting all but dross; I have found a full sal-va-tion, I am resting

I'm resting, I'm resting, I'm resting, &c.

at the cross; I'm resting at the cross, I'm resting at the cross,
I'm resting at the cross.

3 At the cross, while prostrate lying,
Jesus' blood flowed o'er my soul,
All my guilt and sin were covered,
And He whispered, "Child be whole."
Cho.

4 At the cross, I'm calmly trusting,
Every moment now is sweet;
I am tasting of His glory,
I am resting at His feet. *Cho.*

O Thou God of my Salvation.

Rev. CHAS. WESLEY. C. C. CONVERSE, by per.

1. O thou God of my sal-va-tion, My Redeemer from all sin;
Moved by thy di-vine compassion, Who hast died my heart to win,
I will praise thee: I will praise thee: Where shall I thy praise begin?
I will praise thee: I will praise thee: Where shall I thy praise begin.

2 Tho' unseen, I love the Saviour;
He hath brought salvation near;
Manifests his pard'ning favor;
And when Jesus doth appear,
||: Soul and body :||
Shall his glorious image bear.

3 While the angel choirs are crying,—
Glory to the great I Am,
I with them will still be vying—
Glory! glory to the Lamb!
||: O how precious :||
Is the sound of Jesus' name!

4 Angels now are hov'ring round us,
Unperceived amid the throng;
Wond'ring at the love that crown'd [us,
Glad to join the holy song:
||: Hallelujah, :||
Love and praise to Christ belong!

For Thou hast died for Me.

Words by FANNY CROSBY, July, 1866.

Wm. B. BRADBURY.
From "Trio," by per.

1. When clouds hang darkly o'er my way And earthly comfort dies, On thee my Saviour and my God, My every hope relies. I hear thy spirits gentle voice, Thy cross by faith I see, Thy precious blood O, dying Lamb! Redeems and makes me what I am, For thou hast died for me, For thou hast died for me.

2 My soul, confiding in thy word,
Can rest securely there,
And feel at peace in every storm,
Beneath thy watchful care;
A sinner lost, but saved by grace
Be this my only plea:
Thy precious blood, O dying Lamb
Redeems and makes me what I am
For thou hast died for me.

3 O when I leave this mortal scene,
And rise to worlds of light;
Then shall I see thee as thou art,
Arrayed in glory bright:
There by the living stream divine,
My raptured song shall be;
Thy precious blood, O dying Lamb!
Redeems and makes me what I am,
For thou hast died for me.

My Ain Countrie.

Miss M. A. LEE. Scotch Song. Arr.

1 { I am far frae my hame, an' I'm wea - ry af - tenwhiles, For the
I'll.... ne'er be fu' content, un - til my een do see The
D.C. But these sichts an' these soun's will as naething be to me, When I

1st time. 2d time. FINE.

lang'd-for hame-bringing, an' my Father's welcome smiles, }
gowden gates of heav'n, an' my (OMIT..... } ain coun - trie.
hear the angels singing in my (OMIT..... ain coun - trie.

D.C.

{ The earth is fleck'd wi' flow - ers, mon - y - tint - ed fresh and gay; }
{ The bird - ies war - ble blithe-ly, for my Fa - ther made them sae; }

2 I've his gude word of promise. that some gladsome day the King,
To his ain royal palace, his banished hame, will bring
Wi'een, an' wi' heart running owre we shall see
"The King in his beauty," an' our ain countrie,
My sins hae been mony, and my sorrows hae been sair;
But there they'll never vex me, nor be remembered mair.
For his bluid hath made me white, and his hand shall dry my e'e,
When he brings me hame at last to my ain countrie.

3 Like a bairn to its mither, a wee birdie to its nest,
I wad fain be ganging noo unto my Saviour's breast,
For he gathers in his bosom witless worthless lambs like me,
An' "he carries them himsel'," to his ain countrie.
He's faithfu' that hath promised, he'll surely come again,
He'll keep his tryst wi' me, at what hour I dinna ken;
But he bids me still to wait, an' ready aye to be,
To gang at ony moment to my ain countrie.

4 So I'm watching aye, and singing o'my hame as I wait,
For the soun'ing o' his footfa' this side the gowden gate,
God gie his grace to ilk aue wha listens noo to me,
That we may a'gang in gladness to our ain countrie.

[*Last four lines of 1st verse can be sung to complete 4th verse.*]

Jesus is mighty to save.

Mrs. ANNIE WITTENMYER. WM. G. FISCHER, by per.

1. All glo - ry to Je- sus be giv'n, That life and sal- va-tion are free;
2. From the darkness of sin and des - pair, Out in - to the light of his love,

And all may be wash'd and forgiven, And Jesus can save e - ven me.
He has brought me and made me an heir, To kingdoms and mansions above.

CHORUS. mighty to save..... may

Yes, Je- sus is mighty, is mighty to save, And all his sal - va-tion sal-

know.....

vation may know, On his bo-som I lean, And his blood makes me clean, For his

blood can wash whiter than snow.

3 Oh, the rapturous heights of his love,
The measureless depths of his grace,
My soul all his fulness would prove,
And live in his loving embrace.
Cho.—Yes, Jesus is mighty, &c.

4 In him all my wants are supplied,
His love makes my heaven below,
And freely his blood is applied.
His blood that makes whiter than snow.
Cho.—Yes, Jesus is mighty, &c.

Mrs. LYDIA BAXTER.

HUBERT P. MAIN, 1872.
From "Royal Diadem," by per.

1. In the fadeless spring-time, on the heav'nly shore, Kindred spirits wait us,
who have gone be - fore; There no flow - ers with-er, and no pleasures cloy,
In that land of beau - ty, In that home of joy. By the gate they'll meet us,
'neath that golden sky, Meet us at the por - tal—Meet us by - and - by.

CHORUS.

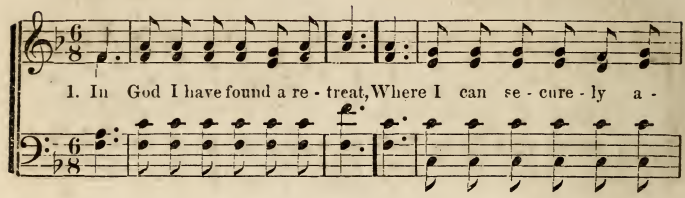
ritard.

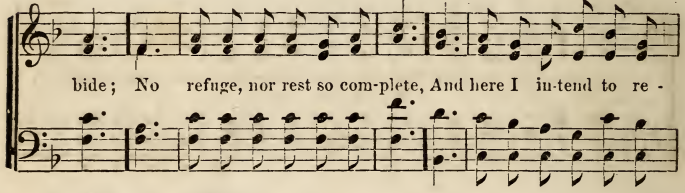
2 In the misty gloaming, death awaits us all;
Silent is his coming, sure the Master's call;
And the angel-footsteps mark the upward way,
Till the twilight merges into heavenly day.—*Cho.*

3 Trusting in the Saviour, may we humbly wait,
Till the holy angels ope the pearly gate;
And the loving Father, from His gracious throne,
Smiling bids us welcome to our heavenly home.—*Cho.*

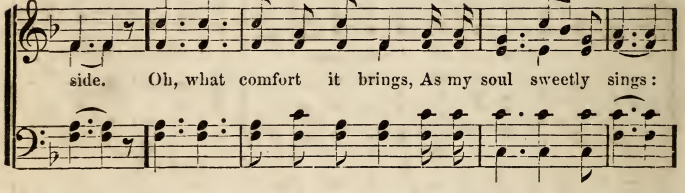
Under His Wings.

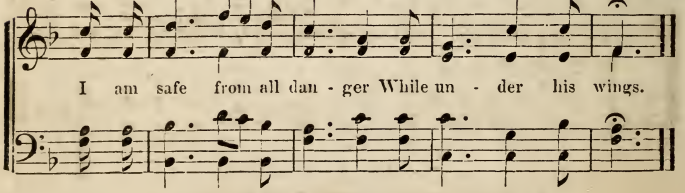
JAMES NICHOLSON. ASA HULL, by per.





CHORUS.





2 I dread not the terror by night,
No arrow can harm me by day;
His shadow has covered me quite,
My fears He has driven away. *Cho.*

3 The pestilence walking about,
When darkness has settled abroad,
Can never compel me to doubt
The presence and power of God. *Cho.*

4 The wasting destruction at noon,
No fearful foreboding can bring;
With Jesus, my soul doth commune,
His perfect salvation I sing. *Cho.*

5 A thousand may fall at my side,
And ten thousand at my right hand;
Above me His wings are spread wide,
Beneath them in safety I stand. *Cho.*

Only one Way to the Cross.

Words by Rev. JOHN PARKER. S. J. VAIL, by per.

1. There is on - ly one way to the cross, And on - ly one cross for thy
2. There is on - ly one name un der heav'n, By which you may ev - er at -

trust; All oth - ers bring sorrow and loss, This brings the proud heart to the
tain A hope to be heard and for-given, And brought to sal-va-tion a -

REFRAIN.

dust. This brings the proud heart to the dust. Then come kneel at the cross, Counting
gain, And brought to salvation a - gain.

all else but dross; For Je - sus, the Saviour, Seeks them that are lost.

3 There is only one cross to be borne,
That cross is not heavy to bear,
It may call thee in conflict and scorn,
||: To confess Him—His burdens to share. :|| *Refr.*

4 There is only one kingdom to win,
One home with the blood-washed above;
He'll help thee who died for thy sin;
||: Oh, fear not, but trust in His love. :|| *Refr.*

The River of Song.

FANNY CROSBY. 1873. Wm. H. DOANE. From "Royal Diadem," by per.

1. O the sleep of just a moment. When the spir-it sinks a - way!
2. We shall hear ce-les-tial mu - sic O'er its bosom sweep a - long.

Then the waking, blissful wak - ing, In a world of endless day!
Like the voice of many wa - ters; Hark! the ev - er - last-ing song.

CHORUS.

O the rap - ture, ho - ly rap - ture, There to stand with the bright happy

O the rapture there, ho ly rapture there,

throng! There the sacred springs of pleasure with the streams of love unite, In a

pure flowing riv - er of song.

3.

Worthy is the Lamb forever,
Worthy is the Lamb, they cry;
Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Glory be to God on high!
O the rapture, &c.

Oh, how He Loves!

Miss MARIANNE NUNN. HUBERT P. MAIN, by per.

1. One there is a - bove all others, Oh, how He loves! His is love be - yond a brother's, Oh, how He loves! Earthly friends may fail or leave us, One day soothe, the next day grieve us; But this Friend will ne'er deceive us, Oh, how He loves!
2. 'Tis e - ter-nal life to know Him, Oh, how He loves! Think, oh, think how much we owe Him, Oh, how He loves! With His precious blood He bought us, In the wil - der - ness He sought us, To His fold He safely brought us, Oh, how He loves!
3. Blessed Jesus! would you know Him, Oh, how He loves! Give yourselves entire - ly to Him, Oh, how He loves! Think no more then, of to - morrow, Take His ea - sy yoke and fol - low, Je - sus car - ries all your sorrow, Oh, how He loves!

4.
All your sins shall be forgiven,
Oh, how He loves!
Backward shall your foes be driven,
Oh, how He loves!
Best of blessings He'll provide you,
Nought but good shall e'er betide you,
Safe to glory He will guide you,
Oh, how He loves!

Light and Comfort.

FANNY J. CROSBY. 1867. Wm. B. BRADBURY, by per.

1. Light and com- fort of my soul, When the bil - lows o'er me roll:
2. Lord, my soul in tears would mourn, All the anguish Thou hast borne;
3. Mocked and scourged—condemned to die, On the cross extend - ed high;

Thou dost bid me in Thy word, Cast my bur - den on the Lord,
In the gar - den I would be. Lone-ly watch-er still with Thee.
Ten- ant of the lone- ly tomb, Might-y conqu'ror o'er its gloom,

Je - sus, Sav - iour once betray'd, Sac - ri - fice for sin-ners made;
Thou hast suffered Thou hast bled, Thorns have pierc'd Thy sacred head;
Crowned victo - rious God of love, To thy Father's home a - bove,

Wretched, lost, to Thee I fly, Save, O save me, or I die.
Je - sus, while I cling to thee, Let Thy sor - row plead for me.
Grant my soul a place, at last, Where the storms of life are past.

We've a Home over there.

T. C. O'KANE, by per. PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. O, think of a home o-ver there, By the side of the riv-er of light, Where the saints all im - mor - tal are fair, Are o - ver there,

CHORUS.

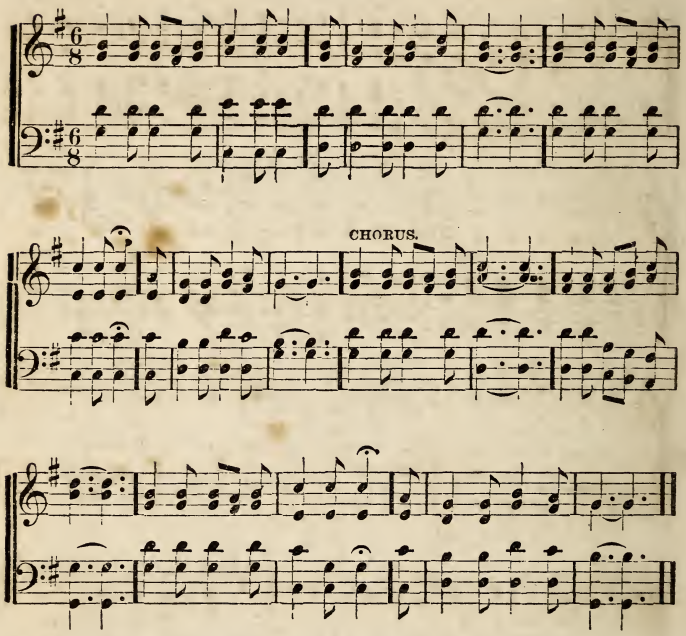
robed in their garments of white over there. Over there, over there, over there, over there, O think of a home o - ver there, o - ver there; O-ver there, over there, over there, over there, O think of a home over there.

2 O, think of the friends over there,
Who before us the journey have trod,
Of the songs that they breathe on the air,
In their home in the palace of God.
Over there, over there,
O think of the friends over there.

3 I'll soon be at home over there,
For the end of my journey I see;
Many dear to my heart over there,
Are watching and waiting for me.
Over there, over there,
I'll soon be at home over there.

Jesus paid it all.

PROCTOR. WM. B. BRADBURY, by per.



1 Naught of merit or of price,
Remains to justice due;
Jesus died, and paid it all,—
Yes, all the debt I owe.

CHO.—Jesus paid it all,
All the debt I owe,
Jesus died and paid it all,
Yes, all the debt I owe.

2 When he from his lofty throne,
Stoop'd down to do and die,
Every thing was fully done;
"'Tis finished!" was his cry,—*Cho.*

3 Weary not, O toiling one,
Whate'er thy conflict be.
Work for him with cheerful heart,
Who suffered all for thee.—*Cho.*

4 Clinging to the Saviour's cross,
Look up by simple faith,
Praise him for the pard'ning love
That saves from endless death.—*Cho.*

5 Bring a willing sacrifice—
Thy soul to Jesus' feet;
Stand in him, in him alone,
All glorious and complete.—*Cho.*

Shall we meet in Heaven.

Words and Music by Wm. STEVENSON. From "Royal Diadem," by per.

REFRAIN.

We may all meet there, We may all meet there,

We may all meet there, meet there, We may all meet there, meet there,

If we love the Lord, and obey his word, We may all meet there.

all meet there,

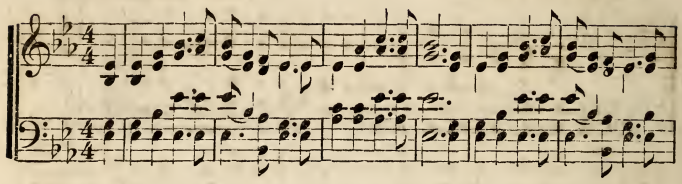
1 Shall we meet in heaven, shall we meet in heaven,
With the blest who have gone before?
Will a crown be given, will a crown be given,
When we stand on the other shore? *Refr.*

2 Will the angels bright, will the angels bright,
Bear us on to that happy home?
With the saints in light, with the saints in light,
Shall we stand round the great white throne? *Refr.*

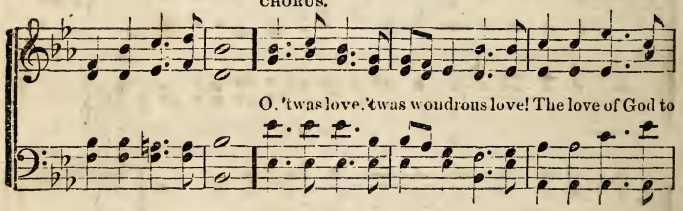
3 Yes, we all may meet, yes, we all may meet,
Where this life and its toils are o'er,
And each other greet, and each other greet,
In a land where we'll part no more. *Refr.*

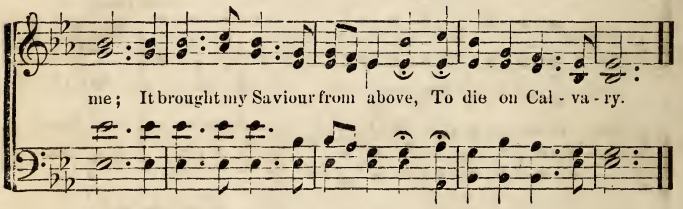
Wondrous Love.

Mrs. M. STOCKTON. Wm. G. FISCHER, by per.



CHORUS.





1.
God lov'd the world of sinners lost,
And ruin'd by the fall;
Salvation full at highest cost,
He offers free to all. *Cho.*

2.
E'en now by faith I claim Him mine,
The risen Son of God;
Redemption by his death I find,
And cleansing through His blood. *Cho.*

3.
Love brings the glorious fullness in,
And to his saints makes known;
The blessed rest from inbred sin,
Through faith in Christ alone. *Cho.*

4.
Believing souls rejoicing go,
There shall to you be given,
A glorious foretaste here below
Of endless life in heaven. *Cho.*

5.
Of victory now o'er Satan's power,
Let all the ransom'd sing
And triumph in the dying hour,
Thro' Christ, the Lord, our King. *Cho.*

Rest in Thee.

E. TURNEY, D. D.

Rev. R. LOWRY, by per.
From "Royal Diadem."

1. Blessed Je - sus, Blessed Je - sus. Thou who gav'st thyself for me,
2. Hope of all the meek and low - ly, Thou my hope and joy shalt be:

Leave me not in sin to wan - der; Bid me come and rest in Thee.
Bless-ed Je - sus, Blessed Je - sus, Bid me come and rest in Thee.

REFRAIN.

Rest in Thee, Rest in Thee, Bid me come and rest in Thee;

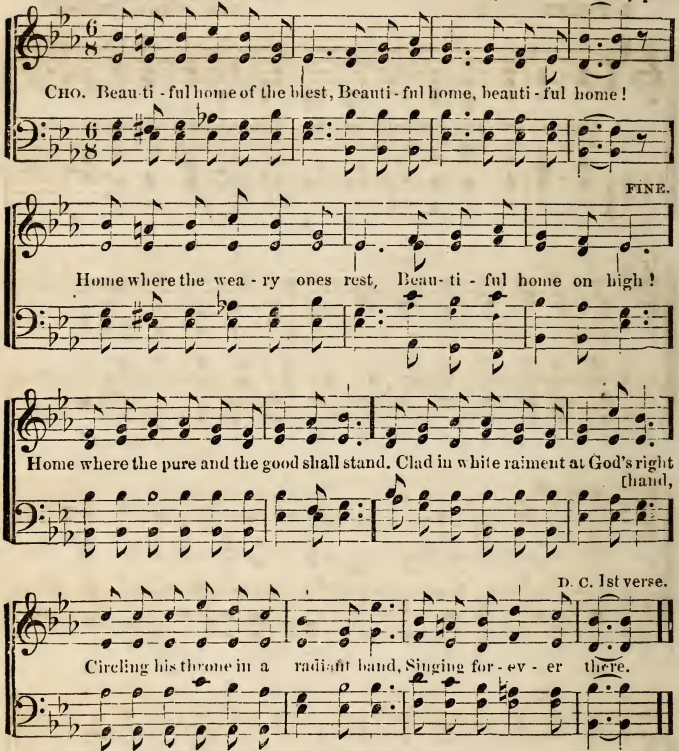
Rest in Thee, Rest in Thee, Bid me come and rest in Thee.

3 Draw me from each sinful striving;
From myself, O set me free:
Blessed Jesus, Blessed Jesus,
Bid me come and rest in Thee.
Refr.

4 Highest, purest, sweetest pleasure,
Shall thy service bring to me:
Blessed Jesus, Blessed Jesus.
Bid me come and rest in Thee.
Refr.

44 Beautiful Home of the Blest.

Words and Music by W. BENNETT. From "Royal Liadem." by per.



2 Home by the river of life,
Beautiful home, beautiful home!
Free from earth's passion and strife,
Beautiful home on high!
Home where the prisoner finds sweet release;
Home where all sorrows forever cease:
Home where the ransom'd ones dwell in peace.
Happy forever there. *Cho.*

3 Home of the glorified throng,
Beautiful home, beautiful home!
Home of the shout and the song,
Beautiful home on high!
Home where the beautiful angels dwell;
Home of the blessed, where all is well;
Home of sweet raptures no tongue can tell.
Ever increasing there. *Cho.*

4 Home in the city of gold,
Beautiful home, beautiful home!
Home where are pleasures untold,
Beautiful home on high!
Home where the many bright mansions be;
Home where the children their Saviour see;
Home where they worship eternally,
Praising him ever there. *Cho.*

Rev. JOHN G. CHAFEE.

CHESTER G. ALLEN, by per.
From "Bright Jewels."

1. Can my soul find rest from sor - row, Can my sins for - giv-en be,

Must I wait un - til to - mor- row Ere my Sav-iour speaks to me?

Will He speak in words of kindness? Will He wash a - way my sin?

Will He lift this vale of blindness, And re- move this deadly pain?

2 O, the darkness, how it thickens,
Like the brooding of despair!
And my soul within me sickens—
God, in mercy, hear my prayer!
Give me but a hope to cherish.
Give me just one ray of light—
Help me, save me, or I perish,
Take away this awful night!

3 Now He hears me, He will save me,
I behold His shining face,
Hear Him whisper He will have me—
O, the miracle of grace!
I will joy to tell the story
How He cometh from above—
Fills my soul, O glory, glory!
With the blessings of His love.

Save me at the Cross.

FANNY J. CROSBY, 1874. Arr. by HUBERT P. MAIN,

1 { Lov - ing Saviour, hear my cry, hear my cry, hear my cry,
{ I have sinn'd but Thou hast died, Thou hast died, Thou hast died,

Trembling to Thy arms I fly, O save me at the cross: }
In Thy mer - cy let me hide, O save me at the cross. }

CHORUS.

Dear Je - sus re - ceive me, No more would I grieve Thee,

Now, bless-ed Re - deem - er, O save me at the cross.

2 Though I perish, ‖ I will pray, ‖
Thou of life the living way,
O save me at the cross.
Thou hast said Thy ‖ grace is free, ‖
Have compassion, Lord, on me,
O save me at the cross.
Dear Jesus, etc.

3 Wash me in Thy ‖ cleansing blood, ‖
Plunge me now beneath the flood,
O save me at the cross.
Only faith will ‖ pardon bring, ‖
In that faith to Thee I cling,
O save me at the cross.
Dear Jesus, etc.

Entered according to Act of Congress, A.D. 1874, by Biglow & Main, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

I come to Thee!

FANNY J. CROSBY, 1868. SYLVESTER MAIN, 1868.

1. I come to thee, I come to thee! Thou precious Lamb who died for me,

I rest con-fid-ing in thy word, And "cast my bur-den on the Lord."

I come to thee with all my grief, Dear Saviour, help my un - be-lief;

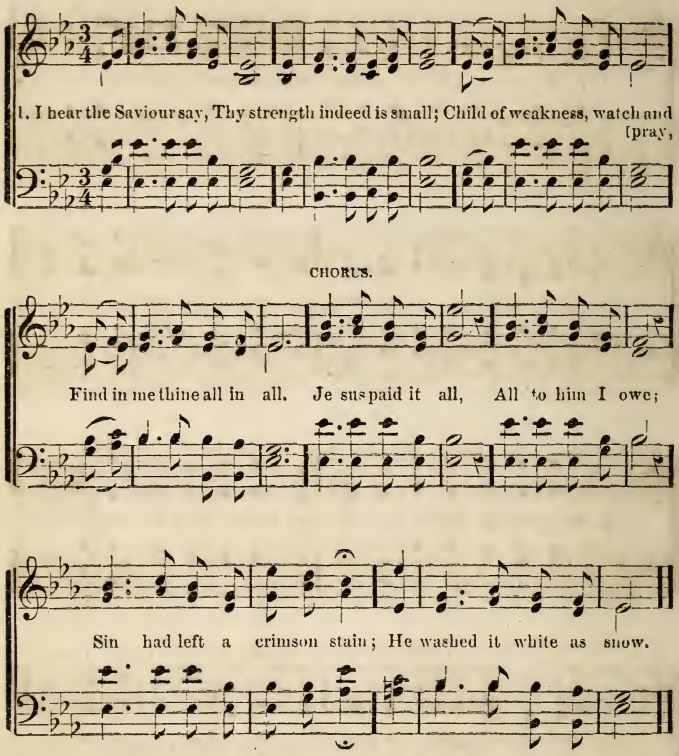
Thy blessed name, my on - ly plea, With this, O Lord, I come to thee!

2 I come to thee, whose sovereign power
Can cheer me in the darkest hour,
I come to thee, thro' storm and shade—
For thou hast said, "be not afraid."
I come to thee with all my tears,
My pain and sorrow, doubt and fears;
Thou precious Lamb, who died for me,
I come to thee, I come to thee!

3 To thee my trembling spirit flies,
When faith grows weak, and comfort dies,
I bow adoring at thy feet,
And hold with thee communion sweet—
O wondrous love! O joy divine!
To feel thee near and call thee mine!
Thou precious Lamb, who died for me,
I come to thee, I come to thee!

All to Christ I Owe.

Mrs. E. M. HALL. JOHN T. GRAPE.



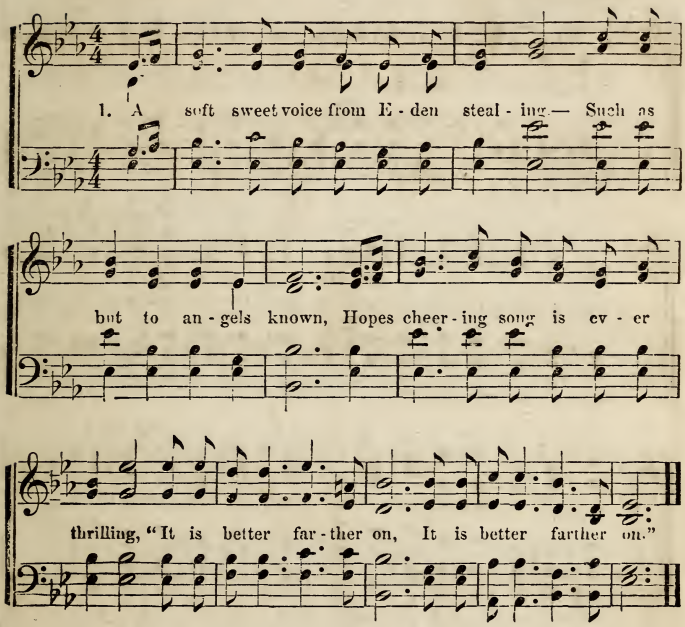
2.
Lord, now indeed I find
Thy faith, and thine alone,
Can change the leper's spots,
And melt the heart of stone. *Cho.*

3.
For nothing good have I
Whereby thy grace to claim—
I'll wash my garment white
In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb. *Cho.*

4.
When from my dying bed
My ransomed soul shall rise,
Then "Jesus paid it all"
Shall rend the vaulted skies. *Cho.*

5.
And when before the throne
I stand in him complete,
I'll lay my trophies down,
All down at Jesus' feet. *Cho.*

S. J. VAIL, by per.



2 I hear hope singing sweetly singing,
Softly in an under tone;
And singing as if God had taught it,
||: "It is better farther on." :||

3 By night and day it sings the same song,—
Sings it while I sit alone:
And sings it so the heart may hear it,
||: "It is better farther on." :||

4 It sits upon the grave and sings it—
Sings it when the heart would groan;
And sings it when the shadows darken,
||; "It is better farther on." :||

5 Still farther on! O how much farther?
Count the mile stones one by one;
No! no! no counting—only trusting,
||: "It is better farther on." :||

The Bright Forever.

Words by FANNY J. CROSBY. 1871.

HUBERT P. MAIN,
From "Pure Gold," by per.

1. Breaking thro' the clouds that gather O'er the christian's na-tal skies,

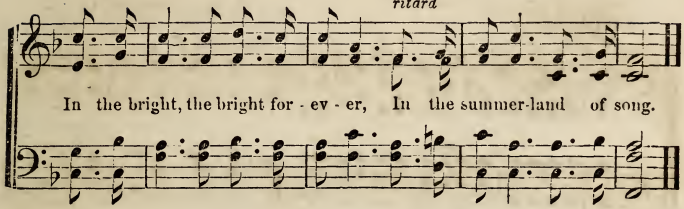
Distant beams, like floods of glo-ry, Fill the soul with glad sur-prise;

And we al-most hear the e-cho Of the pure and ho-ly throng,

In the bright, the bright forev-er, In the summer-land of song.

CHORUS.

On the banks beyond the riv-er, We shall meet no more to sev-er;



2.

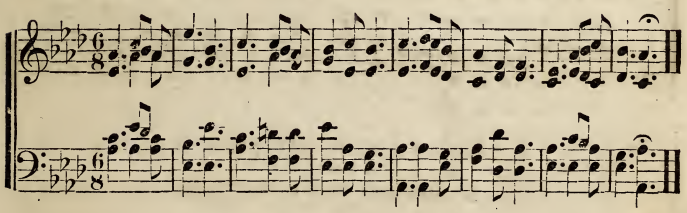
Yet a little while we linger,
Ere we reach our journey's end;
Yet a little while to labor,
Ere the evening shades descend,
Then we'll lay us down to slumber,
But the night will soon be o'er;
In the bright, the bright forever,
We shall wake to sleep no more.
Cho.

3.

O the bliss of life eternal!
O the long unbroken rest!
In the golden fields of pleasure,
In the region of the blest.
But, to see our dear Redeemer,
And before His throne to fall,
There to hear His gracious welcome—
Will be sweeter far than all.
Cho.

Come, Come to Jesus!

Rev. Geo. B. PECK. HUBERT P. MAIN, by per.



1 Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to welcome thee,
O Wand'rer, eagerly;
Come, come to Jesus!

2 Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to ransom thee,
O Slave! eternally;
Come, come to Jesus!

3 Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to lighten thee,
O Burdened! trustingly;
Come, come to Jesus!

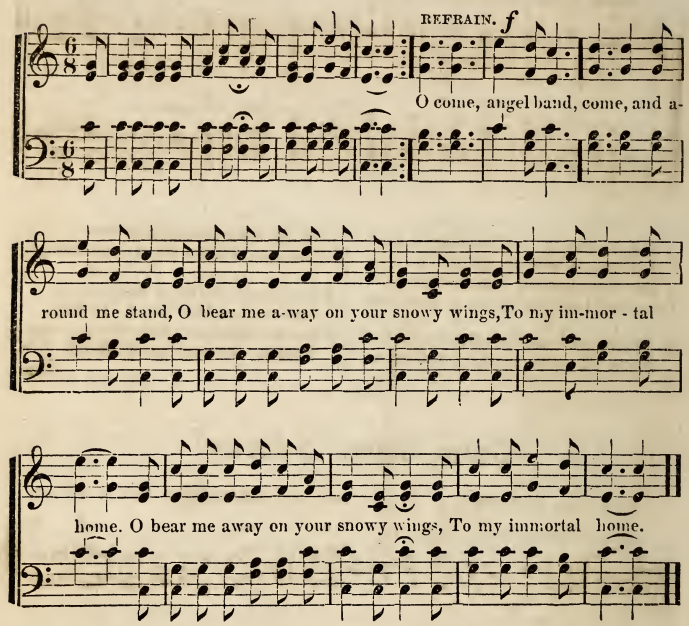
4 Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to give to thee.
O Blind! a vision free;
Come, come to Jesus!

5 Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to shelter thee,
O Weary! blessedly;
Come, come to Jesus!

6 Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to carry thee.
O Lamb! so lovingly;
Come, come to Jesus!

The Land of Beulah. C. M.

Rev. J. HASKELL. Wm. B. BRADBURY, by per.



1 My latest sun is sinking fast,
My race is nearly run;
My strongest trials now are past,
My triumph is begun. *Refr.*

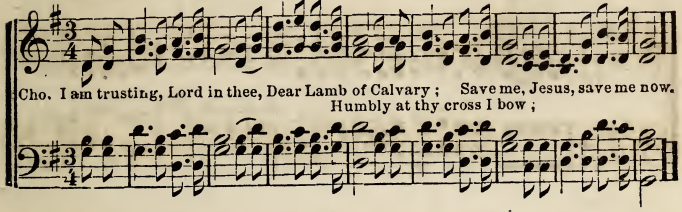
2 I know I'm nearing the holy ranks,
Of friends and kindred dear,
For I brush the dews on Jordan's banks,
The crossing must be near.—*Refr.*

3 I've almost gained my heavenly home,
My spirit loudly sings;
The holy ones, behold they come!
I hear the noise of wings,—*Refr.*

4 O, bear my longing heart to Him
Who bled and died for me;
Whose blood now cleanses from all sin,
And gives me victory.—*Refr.*

I am trusting, Lord, in Thee.

Words by Rev. Wm. Mc DONALD. Wm. G. FISCHER, by per.



1 I am coming to the cross ;
I am poor and weak and blind ;
I am counting all but dross ;
I shall full salvation find. *Cho.*

2 Long my heart has sigh'd for thee;
Long has evil reigned within ;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,
I will cleanse you from all sin. *Cho.*

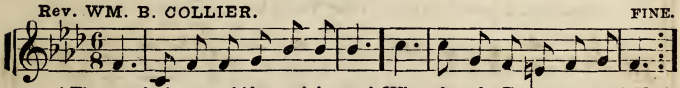
3 Here I give my all to thee,—
Friends, and time, and earthly store;
Soul and body thine to be—
Wholly thine—forever more. *Cho.*

4 In the promises I trust ;
Now I feel the blood applied ;
I am prostrate in the dust ;
I with Christ am crucified. *Cho.*

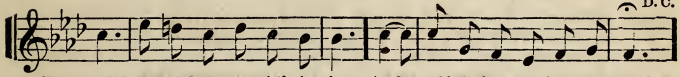
5 Jesus comes ! he fills my soul !
Perfected in love I am ;
I am every whit made whole ;
Glory, glory to the Lamb. *Cho.*

The Resurrection. 8s.

Rev. WM. B. COLLIER. FINE.



1. { The angels that watch'd round the tomb Where low the Redeemer was laid. }
{ When deep in mor-tal - i- ty's gloom. He hid, for a sea-son his head. }
D. C. Have witness'd his rising, and swept Their chords with the triumphs of joy.



That veil'd their fair forms while he slept, And ceas'd their sweet harps to employ,

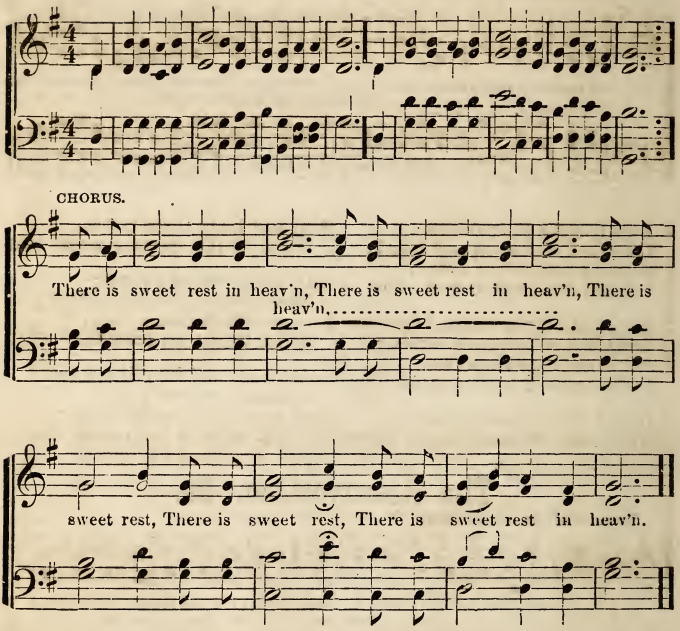
2 Ye saints, who once languished below.
But long since have entered your rest,
I pant to be glorified too,
And lean on Immanuel's breast;
The grave in which Jesus was laid
Hath buried my guilt and my fears ;
And while I contemplate its shade,
The light of his presence appears.

3 O! sweet is the season of rest
When life's weary journey is done;
The blush that spreads over its west,
The last ling'ring rays of its sun.
Though dreary the empire of night,
I soon shall emerge from its gloom,
And see immortality's light
Arise on the shades of the tomb.

4 Then, welcome the last rending sighs,
When these aching heart-strings shall break,
And death shall extinguish these eyes,
And moisten with dew the pale cheek;
No terror the prospect begets;
I am not mortality's slave;
The sunbeam of life as it sets
Leaves a halo of peace round the grave.

Sweet Rest in Heaven.

Wm. B. BRADBURY, by per.



1.

Come, brethren, don't grow weary,
But let us journey on:
The passing scenes all tell us
That death will surely come;
The moments will not tarry;
This life will soon be gone:
These bodies soon will moulder
In th' dark and weary tomb:
Cho.

2.

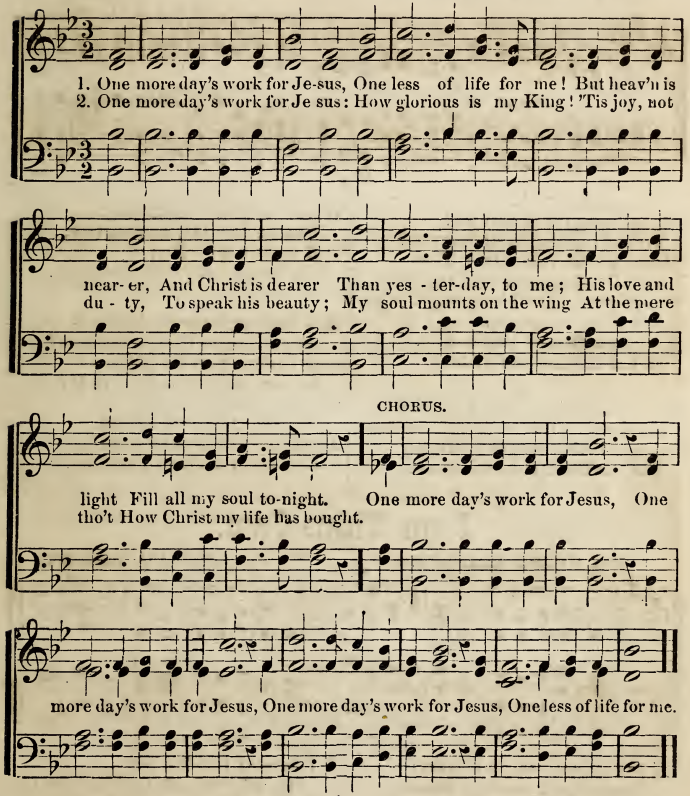
Loved ones have gone before us,
They beckon us away,
O'er aerial plains they're soaring,
Blest in eternal day;
But we are in the army,
And dare not leave our post;
We'll fight until we conquer
The foes' most mighty host. *Cho.*

3 Our Captain's gone before us,
He kindly calls us home
To yonder world of glory,
And sweetly bids us come,
The world, the flesh, and Satan,
Will strive to hedge our way,
But we'll o'ercome these powers,
If we hourly watch and pray. *Cho.*

One more day's work for Jesus.

Miss ANNA WARNER

Rev. R. LOWRY.
From "Bright Jewels," by per.



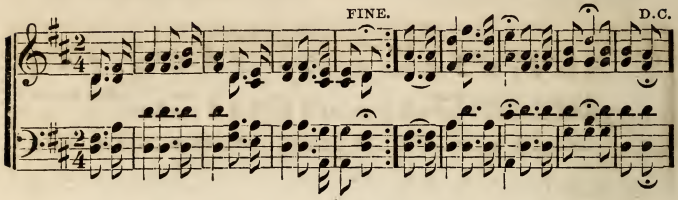
3 One more day's work for Jesus;
How sweet the work has been,
To tell the story,
To show the glory,
Where Christ's flock enter in!
How it did shine
In this poor heart of mine! *Cho.*

4 One more day's work for Jesus—
O, yes, a weary day;
But heaven shines clearer
And rest comes nearer,
At each step of the way;
And Christ in all—
Before his face I fall. *Cho.*

5 O, blessed work for Jesus!
O, rest at Jesus' feet!
There toil seems pleasure,
My wants are treasure,
And pain for Him is sweet,
Lord, if I may,
I'll serve another day! *Cho.*

"The Sinner invited." 6s & 7s.

Words by Rev. C. B. DAVIDSON. Arr. by Rev. W. Mc DONALD.



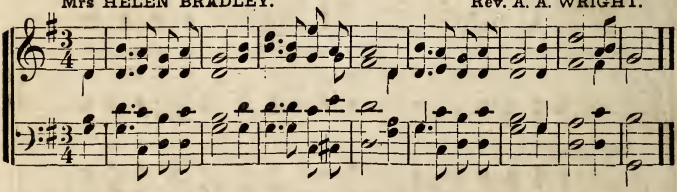
1.
Sinner, come will you go!
To the highlands of heaven?
Where the storms never blow,
And the long summer's given:
Where the bright blooming flow'rs,
Are their odors emitting;
And the leaves of the bow'rs.
In the breezes are flitting.

2.
Where the saints robed in white—
Cleansed in life's flowing fountain;
Shining beauteous and bright,
They inhabit the mountain,
Where no sin, nor dismay,
Neither trouble, nor sorrow,
Will be felt for a day,
Nor be feared for the morrow.

3.
He's prepared thee a home—
Sinner, canst thou believe it?
And invites thee to come—
Sinner, wilt thou receive it?
O come, sinner, come!
For the tide is receding,
And the Saviour will soon
And forever cease pleading.

I am Thine Own.

Mrs HELEN BRADLEY. Rev. A. A. WRIGHT.



1 I am thine own, O Christ;
Henceforth entirely thine;
And life from this glad hour,
New life is mine.

2 No earthly joy can lure
My quiet soul from thee:
This deep delight so pure,
Is heaven to me.

3 My joyful song of praise
In sweet content I sing:
To Thee the note I raise,
My King! My King!

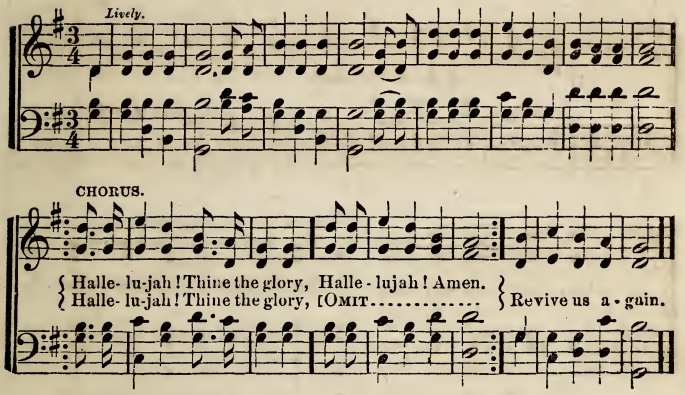
4 I cannot tell the art
By which such bliss is given:
I know thou hast my heart,
And I—have heaven.

5 O peace,—O holy rest,
O balmy breath of love:
O heart, divinest, best,—
Thy depth I prove.

6 I ask this gift of Thee—
A life all lily fair,
And fragrant as the place
Where seraphs are!

Revive us again.

Rev. W. P. MACKEY. From "New Praises of Jesus," by per.



1 We praise Thee O God! for the Son of Thy love,
For Jesus, who died, and is now gone above. *Cho.*

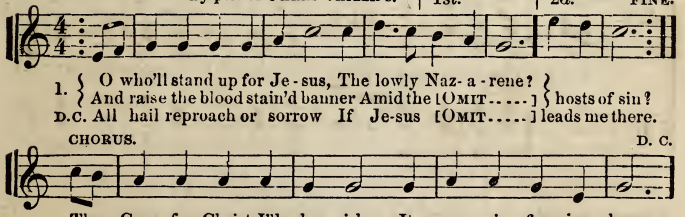
2 We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Saviour, and scattered our night. *Cho.*

3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed every stain. *Cho.*

Who'll stand up for Jesus? 7s & 6s.

Words by Rev. L. H. Music by Rev. L. HARTSOUGH.

By per. of PHILIP PHILLIPS.



2 O who will follow Jesus,
Amid reproach and shame?
Where others shrink or falter,
Who'll glory in his name?

3 My all to Christ I've given,
My talents, time, and voice,
Myself, my reputation,
The lone way is my choice.

4 O Jesus, Jesus, Jesus,
My all-sufficient Friend!
Come, fold me to thy bosom,
E'en to the journey's end.

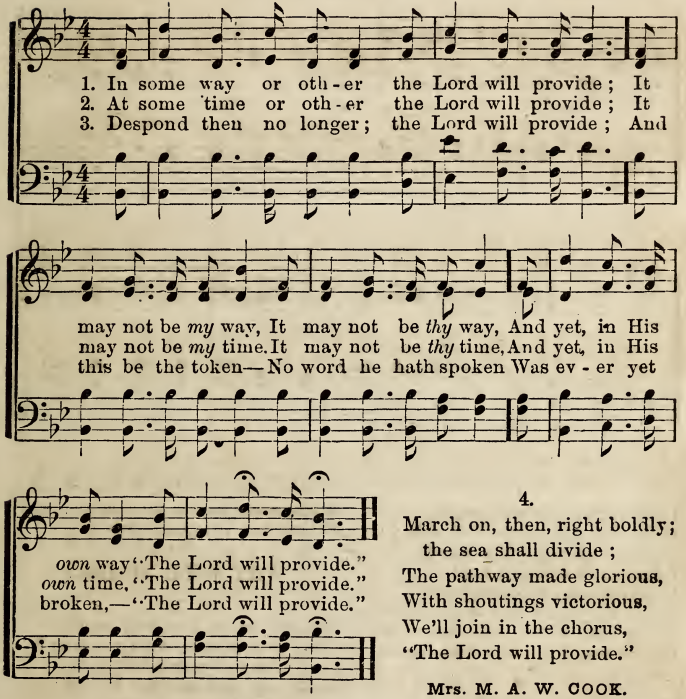
Home of the Soul.

Mrs. E. H. GATES. PHILIP PHILLIPS, by per.

1. I will sing you a song of that beau - ti - ful land,
The far a - way home of the soul, Where no storms ev - er
beat on the glit - ter - ing strand, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty
roll, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll; Where no storms ev-er
beat on the glit - ter - ing strand, While the years of e - ter - ni-ty roll.

The Lord will Provide.

C. S. HARRINGTON. by per. E. TOURJÈE.



4.

March on, then, right boldly;
the sea shall divide;
The pathway made glorious,
With shoutings victorious,
We'll join in the chorus,
"The Lord will provide."

Mrs. M. A. W. COOK.

---

2 Oh, that home of the soul in my visions and dreams,
Its bright jasper walls I can see;
Till I fancy but thinly the vail intervenes
||: Between the fair city and me. :||
Till I fancy, etc.

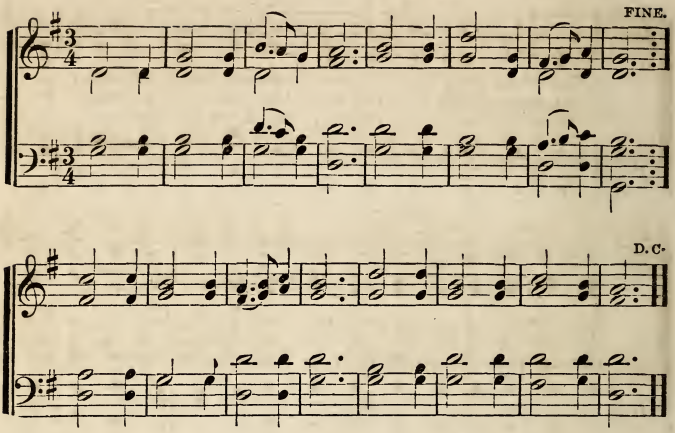
3 That unchangable home is for you and for me,
Where Jesus of Nazareth stands;
The King of all kingdoms forever is he,
||: And he holdeth our crowns in his hands. :||
The King of, etc.

4 Oh, how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,
So free from all sorrow and pain;
With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands
||: To meet one another again. :||
With songs on, etc.

Tune "HOME OF THE SOUL," on page 58.

Guide. 7s Double.

(1858.) Words and Music by M. M. WELLS.



1.
Holy Spirit, faithful guide,
Ever near the Christian's side;
Gently lead us by the hand,
Pilgrims in a desert land;
Weary souls for e'er rejoice,
While they hear that sweetest voice,
Whisp'ring softly, wanderer come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home,

2.
Ever-present, truest Friend,
Ever near thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear,
Groping on in darkness drear,
When the storms are raging sore,
Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Whisp'ring softly, wanderer come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

3.
When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
Wond'ring if our names were there;
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading nought but Jesus' blood;
Whispering softly, wanderer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home!

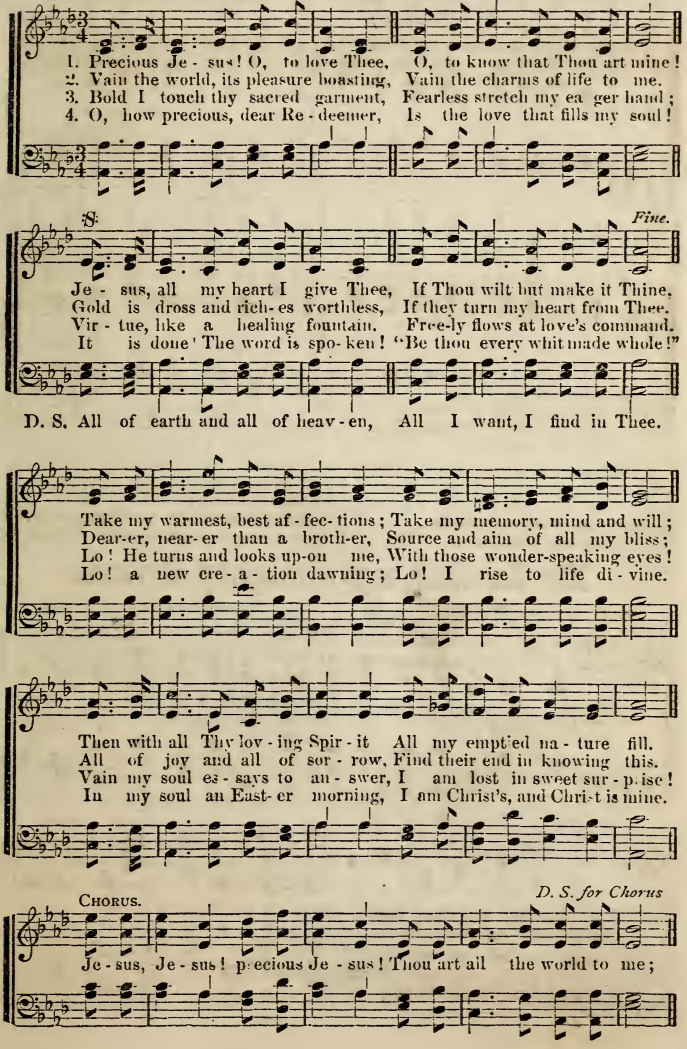
WHY WILL YE DIE?

1.
Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you why?
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live;
He the fatal cause demands;
Asks the work of his own hands,—
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye cross his love, and die?

2.
Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you why?
He, who did your souls retrieve,
Died himself, that you might live,
Will ye let him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransom'd sinners, why
Will ye slight his grace, and die?

C. WESLEY. 1756.

Rev. F. BOTTOME, D. D., by per. HUBERT P. MAIN, 1873, by per.



I'm going Home.

Rev, Wm. HUNTER. Dr. Wm. MILLER. Arr. †

1 { My heavenly home is bright and fair: Nor pain, nor death can enter there.
{ Its glitt'ring towers the sun outshine, That heavenly mansion shall be mine.

CHORUS.

{ I'm go-ing home, I m go-ing home. I'm going home to die no more:
{ To die no more. to die no more, I'm going home to die no more.

2 My Father's house is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky;
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.
I'm going home, etc.

3 While here a stranger, far from home,
Affliction's waves may round me foam;
And though like Lazarus, sick and poor,
My heavenly mansion is secure.
I'm going home, etc.

4 Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow;
Be mine the happier lot to own,
A heavenly mansion near the throne.
I'm going home, etc.

5 Then fail this earth. let stars decline,
And sun and moon refuse to shine,
All nature sink, and cease to be,
That heavenly mansion stands for me.
I'm going home, etc.

My Saviour, my almighty Friend.

A Freedmen's Melody. Harmonized by S. J. VAIL.

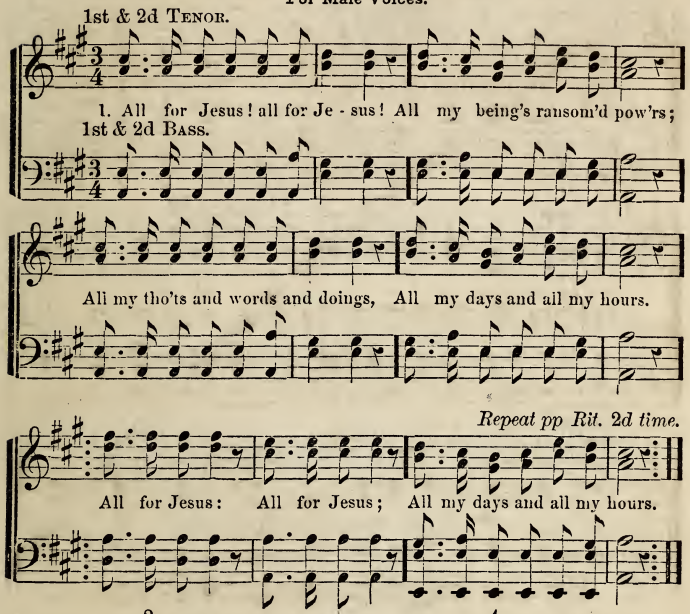
1. My Saviour, my al-might-y Friend, When I be - gin thy praise,
2. I trust in thy e - ter-nal word; Thy goodness I a - dore:

Where will the growing numbers end,—The numbers of thy grace?
Send down thy grace, O blessed Lord, That I may love thee more.

All for Jesus.

Words by MARY D. JAMES. ASA HULL, by per.

For Male Voices.



2.

Let my hands perform his bidding;
Let my feet run in his ways;
Let my eyes see Jesus only;
Let my lips speak forth his praise.
All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
Let my lips speak forth his praise.

3.

Worldlings prize their gems of beauty
Cling to gilded toys of dust,
Boast of wealth, & fame, & pleasure;
Only Jesus will I trust.
Only Jesus! only Jesus!
Only Jesus will I trust.

4.

Since my eyes were fixed on Jesus,
I've lost sight of all beside,—
So enchained my spirit's vision,
Looking at the crucified.
All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
All for Jesus crucified!

5.

Oh, what wonder! how amazing!
Jesus, glorious King of kings,
Deigns to call me his beloved,
Let me rest beneath his wings.
All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
Resting now beneath his wings.

3.

My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road; [strength,
And march with courage in thy
To see the Lord my God.

4.

Awake! awake! my tuneful powers,
With this delightful song;
And entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long.

Tune, "My Saviour," etc., page 62.

Wrestling Jacob.

C. WESLEY, 1742. Arr. by Rev. W. Mc DONALD.

1 { Come, O thou Trav - el - er unknown, Whom still I hold but
{ My com -pa - ny be - fore is gone, And I am left a -

can - not see,
lone with thee: { With thee all night I mean to stay, And

1st time. 2d time.

wres - tle till the break of day. break of day.

2 I need not tell thee who I am,
My sin and misery declare;
Thyself hast call'd me by my name;
Look on my hands, and read it there!
But who. I ask thee, who art thou?
Tell me thy name, and tell me now.

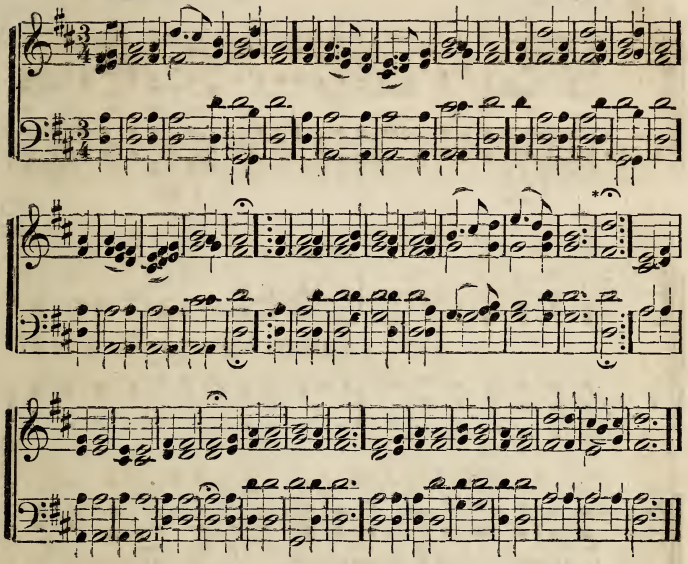
3 In vain thou strugglest to get free;
I never will unloose my hold:
Art thou the Man that died for me?
The secret of thy love unfold.
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

4 Wilt thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new, unutterable name?
Tell me, I still beseech thee, tell;
To know it now resolved I am:
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

5 What, though my shrinking flesh complain,
And murmur to contend so long?
I rise superior to my pain:
When I am weak, then I am strong:
And when my all of strength shall fail,
I shall with the God-man prevail.

The Cross.

I. WATTS. 1709. Rev. G. C. WELLS, Arr.



1 When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

CHORUS. The cross, the cross, the precious cross,
The wondrous cross of Jesus,
From all our sin, its guilt and pow'r,
And ev'ry stain, it frees us.
Then I'm clinging, clinging, clinging,
O, I'm clinging to the cross,
Yes. I'm clinging, clinging, clinging,
Clinging to the cross.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God,
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood. *Cho.*

3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown? *Cho.*

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all. *Cho.*

* Use hold in repeat only.

The Rock that is Higher.

E. JOHNSON. W. G. FISCHER, by per.

CHORUS.

O, then, to the Rock let me fly, let me fly,

To the Rock that is high - er than I: O, then, to the

is high - er than I,

is high - er than I,

Rock let me fly, let me fly, To the Rock that is higher than I.

1 Oh, sometimes the shadows are deep,
And rough seems the path to the goal,
And sorrows, how often they sweep
Like tempests down over the soul. *Cho.*

2 Oh, sometimes how long seems the day,
And sometimes how heavy my feet;
But toiling in life's dusty way,
The Rock's blessed shadow, how sweet!
Cho.

3 Oh, near to the Rock let me keep,
Or blessings, or sorrows prevail;
Or climbing the mountain way steep,
Or walking the shadowy vale.
Cho.—Then quick, &c.

Sing to me of Heaven.

Mrs. M. S. B. DANA, 1842. Dr. Wm. MILLER, 1854.

1. O sing to me of heav'n, When I am call'd to die; Sing songs, sing songs, sing songs of ho - ly ec-sta - cy, To waft my soul on high; To waft my soul on high, Sing songs of ho - ly ec - sta - cy To waft my soul on high.

2 When cold and sluggish drops
Roll off my marble brow:
‖ Break forth ‖ in songs of joyfulness,
Let heaven begin below.

3 When the last moment comes,
Oh, watch my dying face;
‖ To catch the bright ‖ seraphic gleam,
Which o'er my features plays.

4 Then to my raptured soul,
Let one sweet song be given,
‖ Let music cheer ‖ me last on earth,
And greet me first in heaven.

5 Then close my sightless eyes,
And lay me down to rest,
‖ And fold ‖ my pale and icy hands
Upon my lifeless breast.

6 Then, round my senseless clay,
Assemble those I love,
‖ And sing of heaven, ‖ delightful heaven,
My glorious home above.

* Small notes for 3d, 4th, and 6th verses.

Beautiful River.

Written 1864.

Words and Music by Rev. R. LOWRY, by per.

Cheerful.

1. Shall we gather at the riv - er Where bright angel feet have trod;
2. On the margin of the riv - er, Washing up its sil - ver spray,

With its crystal tide for - ev er Flowing by the throne of God?
We will walk and worship ev - er, All the hay - py, gold - en day.

CHORUS.

p

Yes, we'll gather at the riv - er, The beauti-ful, the beauti - ful riv - er—

Gather with the saints at the riv - er That flows by the throne of God.

3 On the bosom of the river,
Where the Saviour-king we own,
We shall meet, and sorrow never
'Neath the glory of the throne.
Cho.

4 Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we every burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.
Cho.

5 At the smiling of the river,
Rippling with the Saviour's face,
Saints whom death will never sever,
Lift their songs of saving grace.
Cho.

6 Soon we'll reach the shining river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.
Cho.

The Prince of My Peace.

Words by Rev. W. F. CRAFTS. Music by W. G. FISCHER, by per.

1. I stand all bewildered with won - der, And gaze on the o-cean of
2. I struggled and wrestled to win it, The blessing that setteth me

love; And o-ver its waves to my spir - it Comes peace, like a heaven-ly
free; But when I had ceased from my struggles, His peace Jesus gave unto

REFRAIN.

dove. The cross now covers my sins; The past is under the
me.

blood; I'm trusting in Je-sus for all; My will is the will of my God.

3 He laid His hand on me and healed me,
And bade me be every whit whole;
I touched but the hem of His garment,
And glory came thrilling my soul.
Refr.

4 The Prince of my peace is now passing,
The light of His face is on me;
But listen, beloved, He speaketh:
"My peace I will give unto thee."
Refr.

The True Friend.

Words and Music by W. BENNETT, by per.

Moderato.

1. There is no friend like Je - sus, So mer - ci - ful and true:
His blood from sin doth free us, His love is ev - er new;
No earth - ly friend can give such aid, Nor from our foes deliv - er;
The trusting heart He ne'er betrayed, He bids us hope for - ev - er.

2.

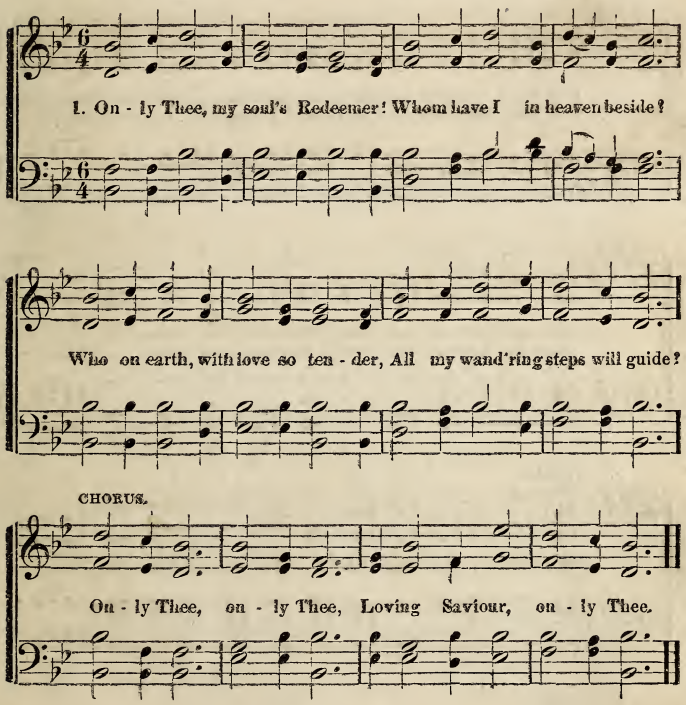
O sinner, come to Jesus,
Give now thy wand'rings o'er;
And never, never, never
Resist His spirit more:
Put far away vile unbelief,
From guilty passions sever;
And, though thou art of sinners chief,
He'll give thee joy forever.

3.

Come weary, heavy laden,
He will thy burden bear;
Cheer all thy lonely pathway,
And all thy sorrows share:
He'll take thee at life's parting breath,
When earthly friendships sever;
He'll make thee conqu'ror over death,
And crown thee His forever.

FANNY J. CROSBY. 1872.

W. H. DOANE.
From "Royal Diadem," by per.



2 Only Thee! no joy I covet
But the joy to call thee mine—
Joy that gives the blest assurance,
Thou hast owned and sealed me thine. *Cho.*

3 Only Thee! I ask no other;
Thou art more than all to me;
Life, or health, or creature comfort,—
I would give them all for thee. *Cho.*

4 Only Thee, whose blood has cleansed me,
Would my raptured vision see,
While my faith is reaching upward,
Ever upward, Lord to Thee. *Cho.*

Consecration.

Words by MARY D. JAMES.

Mrs. JOS. F. KNAPP, by per.
From "Notes of Joy."

1. My bod - y, soul and spir - it, Je - sus I give to Thee, A
2. O Je - sus, might-y Sav - iour, I trust in Thy great name, I

con - se - cra - ted off - 'ring Thine ev - er more to be.
look for Thy sal - va - tion, Thy prom - ise now I claim.

CHORUS.

My all is on the Al - tar, I'm wait - ing for the fire,

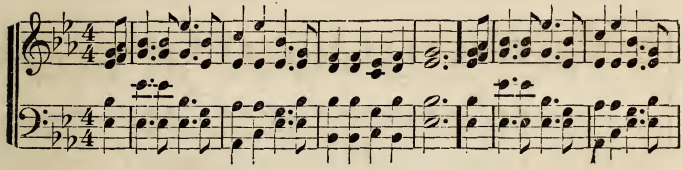
ritard.

Waiting, wait - ing, wait - ing, I'm wait - ing for the fire.

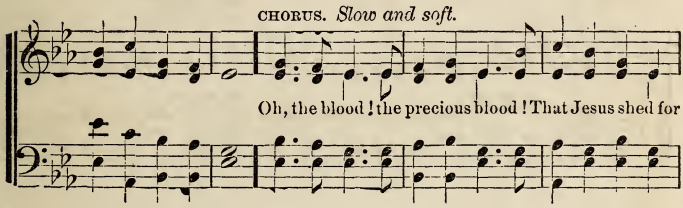
3 O let the fire descending
Just now upon my soul,
Consume my humble offering,
And cleanse and make me whole.
Cho.

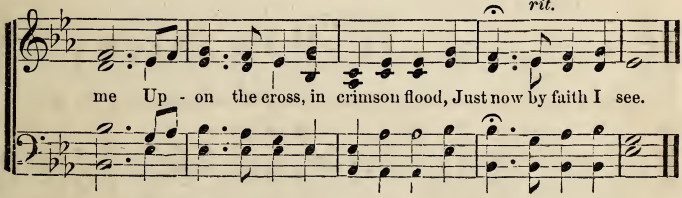
4 I'm Thine, O blessed Jesus.
Washed by Thy precious blood,
Now seal me by Thy Spirit
A sacrifice to God. *Cho.*

Words and Music by Rev. J. H. STOCKTON, by per.



CHORUS. *Slow and soft.*





1.
The cross! the cross! the blood-stained cross!
The hallow'd cross I see!
Reminding me of precious blood
That once was shed for me. *Cho.*

2.
The cross! the cross! the heavy cross,
The Saviour bore for me,
Which bowed him to the earth with grief,
On sad Mount Calvary. *Cho.*

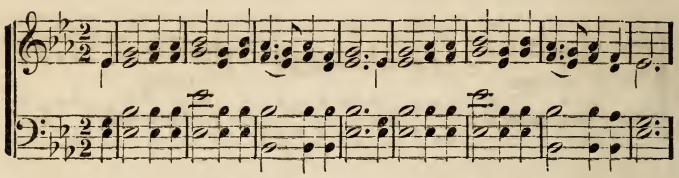
3.
How light! how light! this precious cross,
Presented to my view;
And while, with care, I take it up,
Behold the crown my due. *Cho.*

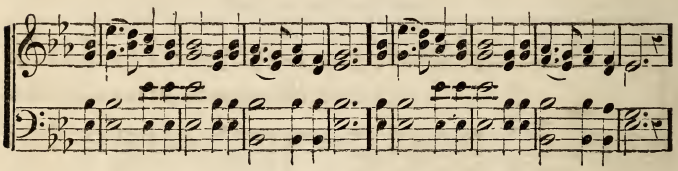
4.
The crown! the crown! the glorious crown!
The crown of victory!
The crown of life! it shall be mine
When Jesus I shall see. *Cho.*

5.
My tears, unbidden, seem to flow
For love, unbounded love,
Which guides me through this world of woe,
And points to joys above. *Cho.*

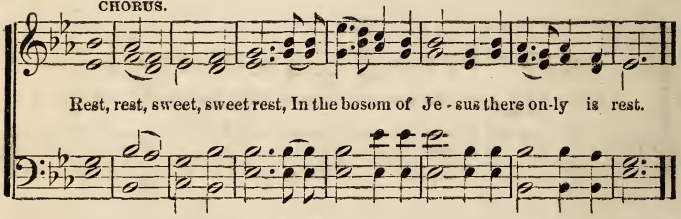
Sweet Rest.

Rev. F. BOTTOME. D. D. SIR HENRY R. BISHOP.





CHORUS.



1 O, ye that are weary and laden of soul,
Come, come to the fountain that maketh you whole.
There's peace in believing, there's rest in His name,
There's healing for all in the blood of the Lamb. *Cho.*

2 O cease from your anguish ye toilers for life,
For vain is your labor and fruitless your strife,
No hope can they bring you, no joy to your heart,
None, none but the Saviour can resting impart. *Cho.*

3 Then come to the Saviour ye weary and worn,
Your burdens and sorrows for you he hath borne.
No anguish that pierceth but pierced him before,
No thorn is so sharp as the crown which he wore. *Cho.*

4 Rest, rest blessed Jesus, O sweet rest at last,
Like calm on the ocean when tempest is past ;
The morning-light breaketh in joy from above,
And illumines my soul with His rainbow of love. *Cho.*

Words by Rev. W. W. WALFORD, 1849. Wm. B. BRADBURY, by per.

Slow.

1. Sweet hour of prayer! Sweet hour of prayer! That calls me from a world of care,

:8: FINE.

And bids me at my Father's throne, Make all my wants and wishes known;
D. S. And oft escaped the tempter's snare, By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

In sea-sons of distress and grief, My soul has oft-en found re-lief;

D. S.

And oft escaped the tempter's snare, By thy return, sweet hour of prayer,

2.

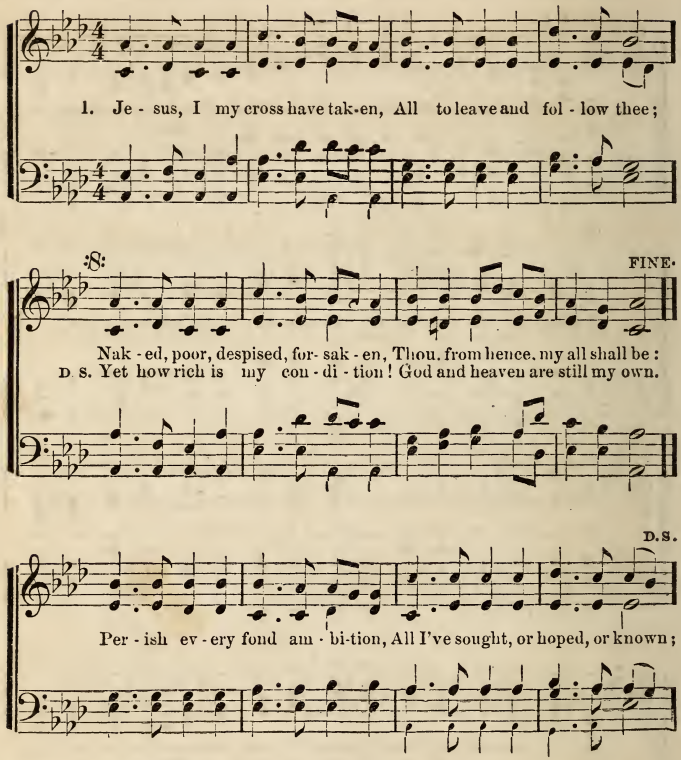
Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of pray-er!
Thy wings shall my petition bear,
To him whose truth and faithfulness,
Engage the waiting soul to bless;
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word, and trust his grace,
‖: I'll cast on him my every care.
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.:‖

3.

Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of pray-er!
May I thy consolation share;
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home, and take my flight:
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
‖: And shout, while passing thro' the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer,:‖

Jesus, I my Cross have taken.

HENRY F. LYTE, 1825. Air, Mozart. Arr. by H. P. M.



2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me;
Thou art not, like them, untrue:
And while thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may scorn me;
Show thy face and all is bright.

3 Man may trouble and distress me,
'T will but drive me to thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
Oh! 'tis not in grief to harm me
While thy love is left to me,
Oh! 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with thee.

4 Soul, then know thy full salvation,
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care,
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

Rev. JOS. H. GILMORE. 1861. Wm B BRADBURY, by per.

1. He leadeth me! oh! blessed tho't, Oh! words with heav'nly comfort fraught;
Whate'er I do, where'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me!

REFRAIN.

He leadeth me! he leadeth me! By his own hand he leadeth me;
His faithful follower I would be, For by his hand he leadeth me.

2.

Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea.—
Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me.
Refr.

3.

Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine—
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me. *Refr.*

4.

And when my task on earth is done,
When, by thy grace, the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me. *Refr.*

Near the Cross.

FANNY CROSBY. 1859.

W. H. DOANE
From "Songs of Devotion," by per.

1. Je - sus keep me near the cross, There a pre-cious Foun - tain,

Free to all a heal - ing stream, Flows from Calvary's mountain.

CHORUS.

In the Cross, In the Cross, Be my glo - ry ev - er;

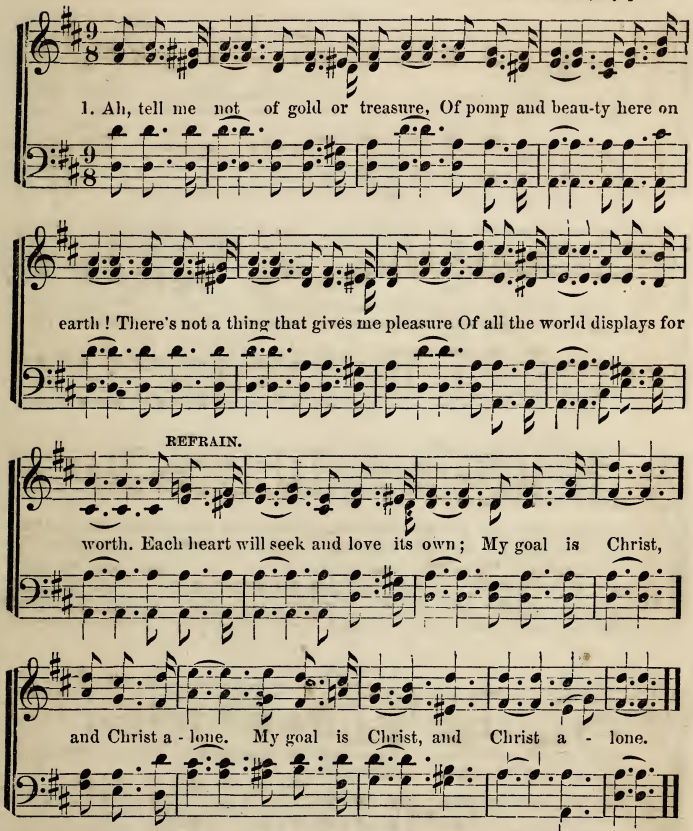
Till my raptured soul shall find Rest be - yond the riv - er.

2 Near the Cross, a trembling soul,
Love and mercy found me;
There the bright and morning star
Shed its beams around me. *Cho.*

3 Near the Cross! oh. Lamb of God,
Bring its scenes before me;
Help me walk from day to day
With its shadow o'er me. *Cho.*

4 Near the Cross I'll watch and wait
Hoping, trusting ever,
Till I reach the golden strand,
Just beyond the river, *Cho.*

S. J. VAIL, by per.



2 The world and her pursuits will perish ;
Her beauty's fading like a flower;
The brightest schemes the earth can cherish
Are but the pastime of an hour.
Each heart, etc.

3 Against this tower there's no prevailing ;
His kingdom passes not away ;
His throne abides, despite assailing,
From henceforth unto endless day.
Each heart, etc.

4 And tho' a pilgrim I must wander,
Still absent from the One I love,
He soon will have me with him yonder
In his own glory-realms above.
Triumphantly I therefore own,
||: My goal is Christ, and Christ alone. :||

The Old, Old Story.

KATE HANKEY. W. H. DOANE, by per.

1. Tell me the old, old sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove, Of
2. Tell me the sto - ry slow - ly, That I may take it in,— That

Je- sus and his glo- ry, Of Je - sus and his love. Tell me the sto - ry
wonder - ful redemption, God's remedy for sin. Tell me the sto - ry

simply, As to a lit - tle child, For I am weak and wea - ry, And
of - ten, For I for - get so soon, The "early dew" of morning Has

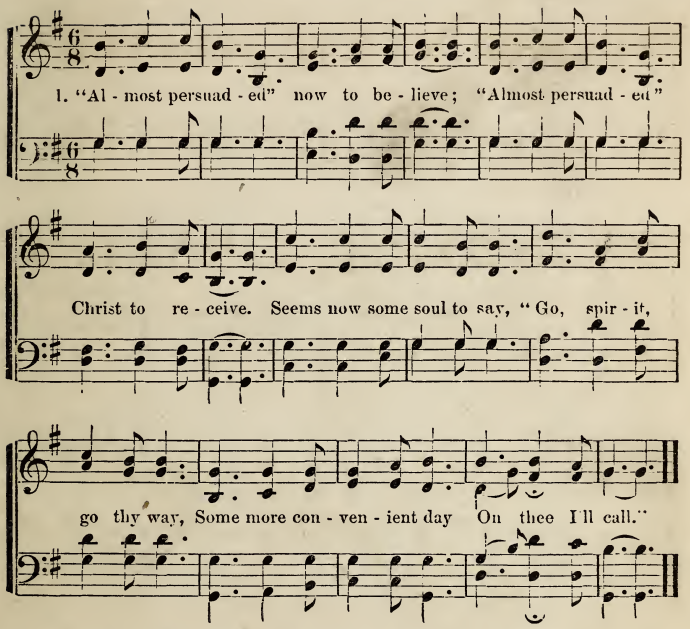
CHORUS.

help-less and de - filed. Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Tell me the old, old
pass'd a - way at noon. Tell me, &c.

sto - ry, Tell me the old, old sto - ry Of Je-sus and his love.

Almost Persuaded.

Words and Music by P. P. BLISS, by per.



2.
"Almost persuaded" come, come today;
"Almost persuaded." turn not away.
Jesus invites you here,
Angels are ling'ring near,
Prayers rise from hearts so dear;
O wand'rer, come!

3.
"Almost persuaded," harvest is past;
"Almost persuaded" doom comes at last!
"Almost" cannot avail;
"Almost" is but to fail!
Sad, sad that bitter wail—
"Almost, *but lost!*"

3.
Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones, and grave;
Remember! I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save.
Tell me that story always,
If you would really be,
In any time of trouble,
A comforter to me.

4.
Tell me the same old story,
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear.
Yes, and when that world's glory
Is drawing on my soul,
Tell me the old, old story:
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole."

Tune on page 80.

I am Waiting by the River.

Wm. O. CUSHING. Dr. Thos. HASTINGS.

1. I am wait - ing by the riv - er, And my heart has waited long;

Now I think I hear the cho - rus Of the an - gels welcome song,

Oh, I see the dawn is break - ing On the hill - tops of the blest,

"Where the wick- ed cease from troub - ling, And the wea - ry be at rest."

2.

Far away beyond the shadows
Of this weary vale of tears,
There the tide of bliss is sweeping
Through the bright and changeless years;
O! I long to be with Jesus,
In the mansions of the blest,
"Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary be at rest,"

3,

They are launching on the river,
From the calm and quiet shore,
And they soon will bear my spirit
Where the weary sigh no more;
For the tide is swiftly flowing,
And I long to greet the blest,
"Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary be at rest,"

If to Jesus for Relief.

Rev. JOHN NEWTON. HUBERT P. MAIN, 1873, by per.

Not too fast

1. If to Je - sus for re-lief My soul has fled by prayer,
2. While I know his prov - idence Dis - pos - es each e - vent,

Why should I give way to grief, Or heart-consum - ing care?
Shall I judge by fee - ble sense, And yield to dis - con - tent?

Are not all things in his hand? And has he not his promise passed?
Sparrows if he kind - ly feed, And ver-dure clothe in rich ar - ray,

Will he then re - gard-less stand. And let me sink at last?
Can he see a child in need, And turn his eyes a - way?

3.

When His name was quite unknown,
And sin my life employed;
Then He watched me as His own,
Or I had been destroyed:
Now his mercy-seat I know,
And now, by grace, am reconcil'd;
Would he spare me while a foe,
To leave me when a child?

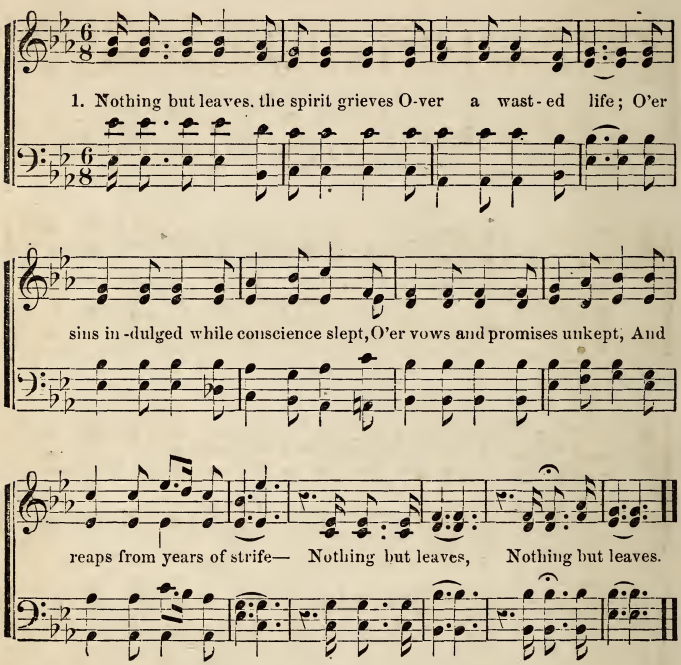
4.

If he shed his precious blood
To bring me to his fold,
Can I think that meaner good
He ever will withold?
Vain the tempter's dark device!
For here my hope rests well assured,
In that great redemption price
I see the whole secured.

"Gospel Magazine," May, 1775.

Nothing but Leaves.

Mrs. W. S. ACKERMAN. S. J. VAIL, by per.



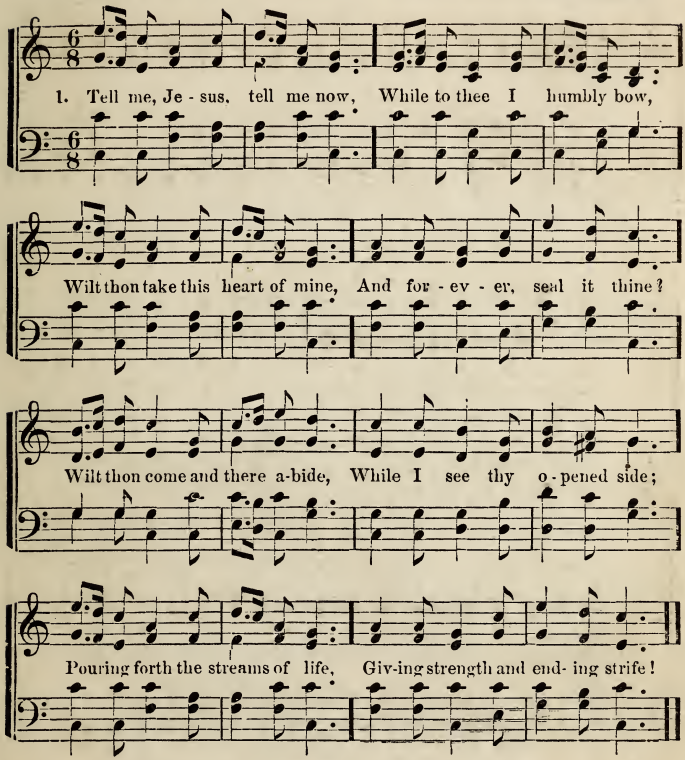
2 Nothing but leaves, no gathered sheaves,
Of life's fair ripening grain;
We sow our seeds, lo! tares and weeds,
Words, *idle* words for earnest deeds,
We reap with toil and pain,—
‖: Nothing but leaves! :‖

3 Nothing but leaves, sad memory weaves;
No vail to hide the past,
And as we trace our weary way,
Counting each lost and misspent day
Sadly we find at last—
‖: Nothing but leaves! :‖

4 Ah! who shall thus the Master meet,
Bearing but withered leaves?
Ah! who shall at the Saviour's feet,
Before the awful judgment-seat
Lay down, for golden sheaves
‖: Nothing but leaves! :‖

Tell me, Jesus.

Words by D. T. M. Music by D. T. MACFARLAN.



2 If I yield myself to thee,
Wilt thou come direct to me,
And within thy loving arms
Cause my heart to feel thy charms?
Wilt thou, O my precious Lord,
Give me comfort by thy word,
By thy truth great joy impart
To my poor and throbbing heart?

3 Hark! I hear my Saviour say,
Come, my child, oh. come this way;
Take my hand, and walk with me
In the path I trod for thee;
Look by faith and see the blood
Sprinkled on the thorny road;
See, my child, each step I trod
Brings thee nearer to thy God.

4 Give thy heart, thyself to me,
Give whate'er I ask of thee;
Yield up all without restraint,
Free from murmur or complaint;
Then I'll take that heart of thine,
And with perfect love divine,
Make it new and pure within,
Spotless from all inbred sin.

I am coming, Lord!

Words by Rev. L. H. Music by Rev. L. HARTSOUGH, by per. Of PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. I hear thy welcome voice, That calls me, Lord, to thee; For cleansing in thy precious blood, That flow'd on Calva - ry.

CHORUS.

I am coming, Lord! Coming now to thee! Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood That flow'd on Calvary!

2.
Though coming weak and vile,
Thou dost my strength assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all, and pure.

3.
'Tis Jesus calls me on
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust,
For earth and heaven above.

4.
And he the witness gives
To loyal hearts and free.
That every promise is fulfilled,
If faith but brings the plea.

5.
All hail! atoning blood!
All hail! redeeming grace!
All hail! the gift of Christ, our Lord,
Our strength and righteousness.

Arr by S. J. VAIL.

1. I'm happy, I'm happy, O wondrous account! My joys are immortal; I stand on the mount! I gaze on my treasure, And long to be there, With Jesus and an-gels, My kindred so dear.

2 O Jesus, my Saviour,
With thee I am blest!
My life and salvation,
My joy and my rest!
Thy name be my theme,
And thy love be my song,
Thy grace shall inspire
Both my heart and my tongue.

Look, look to Jesus!

Rev. E. P. HAMMOND 1873.

HUBERT P. MAIN, by per.
From "Song Evangel."

1 Look, look to Jesus!
Behold a fountain free
Is open there for thee!
Look, look to Jesus!

2 Look, look to Jesus!
For thee he intercedes,—
His blood for thee now pleads,—
Look, look to Jesus!

3 Look, look to Jesus!
He's calling now for thee;
Poor sinner, look to me,—
Look, look to Jesus!

4 Look, look to Jesus!
If thou would'st live above
Where all is peace and love,
Look, look to Jesus!

There's a land far away.

* Words by JAS. G. CLARK. Arr. by H. P. MAIN.

1. (There's a land far a - way 'mid the stars we are told, Where they
Where the pure wa - ters flow, thro' the val - leys of gold. And where
D. C. Where the way - wea-ry trav - el - er reach-es his goal. On the

FINE.

know not the sor - rws of time;) 'Tis the land of our God—'tis the
life is a trea - sure sublime:
ev - er - green mountains of life.

D. C.

home of the soul, Where the a - ges of splendor e - ter - nal - ly roll;

2 Here our gaze can not soar to that beautiful land,
But our visions have told of its bliss;
And our souls by the gale from its gardens are fanned,
When we faint in the deserts of this.
And we sometimes have longed for its holy repose
When our hearts have been rent with temptations and woes,
And we've drank from the tide of the river that flows
From the ever-green mountains of life.

3 Oh the stars never tread the blue heavens at night,
But we think where the ransomed have trod;
And the day never smiles from his palace of light,
But we feel the bright smile of our God.
We are traveling home thro' earth's changes and gloom,
To a region where pleasures unchangingly bloom,
And our guide is the glory that shines thro' the tomb,
From the ever-green mountains of life.

* Used by permission of O. Ditson & Co., owners of copyright.

Mary Magdalen.

I. B. WOODBURY, Arr.

1. To the hall of the feast came the sin-ful and fair; She heard in the ci-ty that Je-sus was there; Un-heed-ing the splendor that blazed on the board, She si-lent-ly knelt at the feet of the Lord, She si-lent-ly knelt at the feet of the Lord.

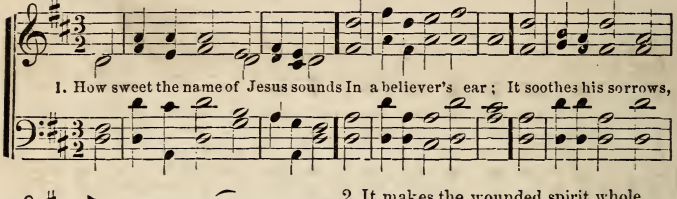
2. The frown and the murmur went round thro' them all, That one so un-hallowed should tread in that hall; And some said the poor would be ob-jects more meet, As the wealth of her per-fume she shower'd on his feet, As the wealth of her per-fume she shower'd on his feet.

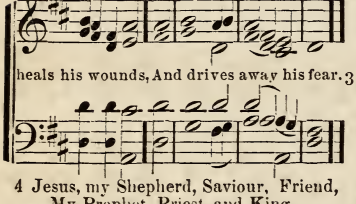
3 She heard but the Saviour; she spoke but with sighs;
She dare not look up to the heaven of his eyes:
And the hot tears gush'd forth at each heave of her breast,
As her lips to his sandals were throbbingly pressed.

4 In the sky, after tempest. as shineth the bow,
In the glance of the sunbeam, as melteth the snow
He looked on that lost one: "her sins were forgiven,"
And Mary went forth in the beauty of heaven.

Believer. C. M.

Rev. J. NEWTON, 1779. Arr. by HUBERT P. MAIN, 1855.





2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
T'is-manna to the hungry soul
And to the weary, rest.

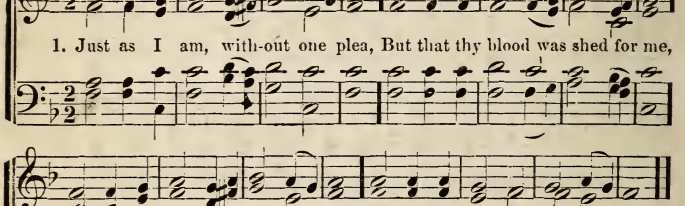
3 Dear Name, the Rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding place;
My never-failing treasure filled
With boundless stores of grace.

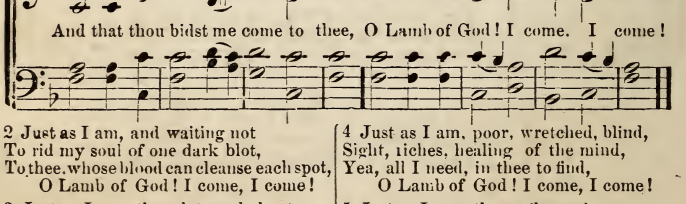
4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

5 I would thy boundless love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
So shall the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

Hamburg. L. M.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1836. Arr. by Dr. L. MASON.





2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

3 Just as I am, though tossed about,
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

5 Just as I am; thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

Jesus Loves Even Me.

Words and Music by P. P. BLISS, by per.

1. { I am so glad that our Fa - ther in heaven, Tells of his
Won-der - ful things in the Bi - ble I see, This is the

CHORUS.

love in the Book he has given; }
dear - est, that Je - sus loves me. } I am so glad that

Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves me,

I am so glad that Jesus loves me, Je - sus loves e - ven me.

2 Though I forget him and wander away,
Kindly he follows wherever I stray;
Back to his dear loving arms would I flee,
When I remember that Jesus loves me. *Cho.*

3 Oh, if there's only one song I can sing,
When in his beauty I see the great King,
This shall my song in eternity be,
Oh, what a wonder that Jesus loves me. *Cho.*

Love of Jesus, all Divine.

Words by Dr F. BOTTOME — Old Melody.

1. Love of Je sus, all di-vine, Fill this longing heart of mine;

Ceaseless struggling aft-er life, Wea ry with the end-less strife

Sav-iour Je sus lend thine aid, Lift thou up my fainting head!

Lead me to my long-sought rest, Pillowed on thy lov-ing breast.

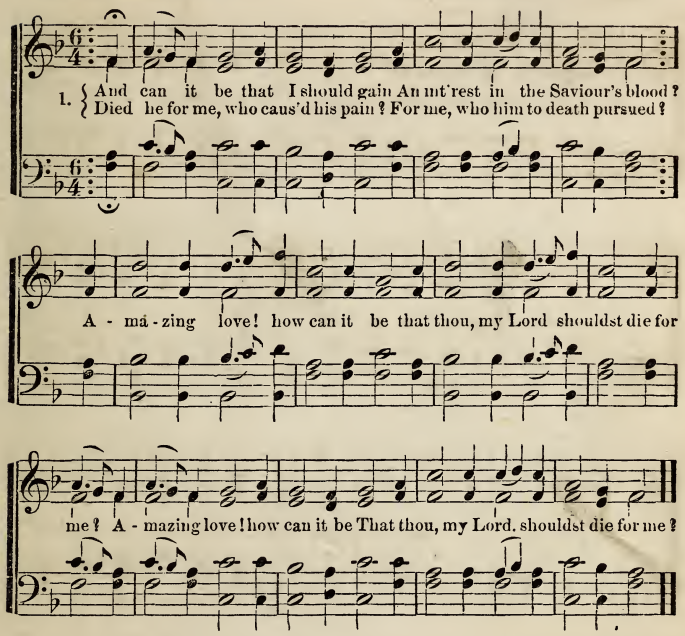
2.

Thou alone my trust shall be,
Thou alone canst comfort me;
Only, Jesus, let thy grace
Be my shield and hiding-place;
Let me know thy saving power
In temptation's fiercest hour;
Then, my Saviour, at thy side
Let me evermore abide.

3.

Thou hast wrought this fond desire,
Kindled here this sacred fire,
Weaned my heart from all below,
Thee, and thee alone to know;
Thou who hast inspired the cry,
Thou alone canst satisfy;
Love of Jesus, all divine,
Fill this longing heart of mine.

Rev. CHAS. WESLEY. JER. INGALLS, 1805. Arr.



2.

'Tis myst'ry all, th' Immortal dies!
Who can explore his strange design?
In vain the first-born seraph tries
To sound the depths of love divine;
'Tis mercy all! let earth adore:
Let angel minds inquire no more.

3.

He left his Father's throne above;
(So free, so infinite his grace!)
Emptied himself of all but love,
And bled for Adam's helpless race;
'Tis mercy all, immense and free,
For O, my God, it found out me!

4.

Long my imprisoned spirit lay
Fast bound in sin and nature's night;
Thine eyes diffus'd a quick'ning ray:
I woke; the dungeon flamed with light;
My chain fell off, my heart was free—
I rose, went, forth and followed thee.

5.

No condemnation now I dread;
Jesus, with all in him, is mine;
Alive in him, my living Head,
And clothed in righteousness divine,
Bold I approach th' eternal throne
And claim the crown thro' Christ my own.

94 Like the Sound of many Waters.

FANNY J. CROSBY, 1873. HUBERT P. MAIN, by per.

1. Like the sound of ma - ny waters Rolling on, thro' a - ges long,

In a tide of rapture breaking,—Hark! the mighty cho ral song!

CHORUS.

Hal le - lu jah! hal le - lu - jah! Let the heavenly por - tals ring!

Christ is born, the Prince of glo-ry! Christ the Lord, Messiah, King!

2.

Lo! the Morning Star appeareth,
O'er the world His beams are cast;
He the Alpha and Omega,
He, the Great, the First the Last!
Hallelujah, etc.

3.

Clap your hands with exultation!
Sing aloud, rejoice with mirth,
Peace her silver wing hath folded:—
Lo! she comes to dwell on earth!
Hallelujah, etc.

4.

Saviour, not with costly treasure,
Do we gather at Thy throne,
All we have, our hearts we give Thee,—
Consecrate them Thine alone.
Hallelujah, etc.

Rest for the Weary.

Rev. J. Y. HARMER — Rev. W. McDONALD, 1858, by per.

1. In the Christian's home in glo ry, There re - mains a land of rest;
There my Saviour's gone be fore me, To ful - fill my soul's request.

CHORUS.

{ There is rest for the wea ry, There is rest for the wea-ry,
{ On the oth-er side of Jordan, In the sweet fields of E - den,
There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for you. }
Where the tree of life is blooming There is rest for you. }

2.

He is fitting up my mansion,
Which eternally shall stand;
For my stay shall not be transient,
In that holy, happy land.

3.

Pain nor sickness ne'er shall enter,
Grief nor woe my lot shall share;
But in that celestial center
I a crown of life shall wear.

4.

Death itself shall then be vanquished,
And his sting shall be withdrawn;
Shout for gladness, oh ye ransomed,
Hail with joy the rising morn,

5.

Sing, oh sing, ye heirs of glory!
Shout your triumph as you go!
Zion's gate will open for you,
You shall find an entrance through.

Carrie. 7s, 6s & 8s.

C. WESLEY, 1742. HUBERT P. MAIN, by per.

FINE.

1. { Vain, de - lu - sive world, adieu, With all of creature good; On - ly Je - sus I pursue, Who bought me with his blood: }
D. C. On - ly Je - sus will I know, And Jesus cru - ci - fied.

D. C.

All thy pleasures I fore-go; I trample on thy wealth and pride;

2 Other knowledge I disdain;
'Tis all but vanity:
Christ the Lamb of God, was slain,—
He tasted death for me.
Me to save from endless woe,
The sin-atoning Victim died:
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified:

3 Here will I set up my rest;
My fluctuating heart
From the haven of his breast
Shall never more depart:
Whither should a sinner go?
His wounds for me stand open wide
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

Penitence.

C. WESLEY, 1749. W. H. OAKLEY.

f

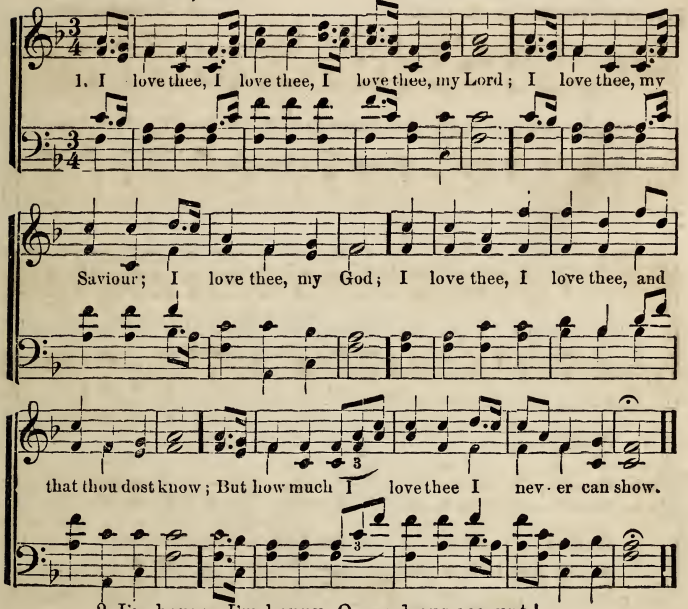
FINE. D. S.

1 Jesus, let thy pitying eye
Call back a wand'ring sheep;
False to thee, like Peter, I
Would fain like Peter weep.

Let me be by grace restored:
On me be all long suffering shown;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

I Love Thee. 11s.

JER. INGALLS, 1805. Arr. by HUBERT P. MAIN.



2 I'm happy, I'm happy, O wondrous account!
My joys are immortal; I stand on the mount!
I gaze on my treasure, and long to be there,
With Jesus and angels, my kindred so dear.

3 O Jesus, my Saviour, with thee I am blest!
My life and salvation, my joy and my rest!
Thy name be my theme, and thy love be my song,
Thy grace shall inspire both my heart and my tongue.

4 O, who's like my Saviour? He's Salem's bright King;
He smiles, and He loves me, and helps me to sing;
I'll praise him, I'll praise him with notes loud and shrill,
While rivers of pleasure my spirit doth fill.

2.

Saviour, Prince, enthroned above,
Repentance to impart,
Give me, through thy dying love,
The humble, contrite heart:
Give what I have long implored,
A portion of thy grief unknown;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

3.

For thine own compassion's sake,
The gracious wonder show;
Cast my sins behind thy back,
And wash me white as snow;
If thy bowels now are stirr'd,
If now I do my myself bemoan,
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

Tune, PENITENCE, page 96.

I am waiting for the Saviour.

Rev. F. BOTTOME, D. D. 1873. C. W. SANDERS.

1. I am wait-ing for the Saviour, And my heart has waited long;

Tell me, do I hear his footsteps, Is he com-ing with the throng?

CHORUS.

O thou son of David hear me, Take a - way this film of night;

With thy glorious presence cheer me, Speak, and let there now be light.

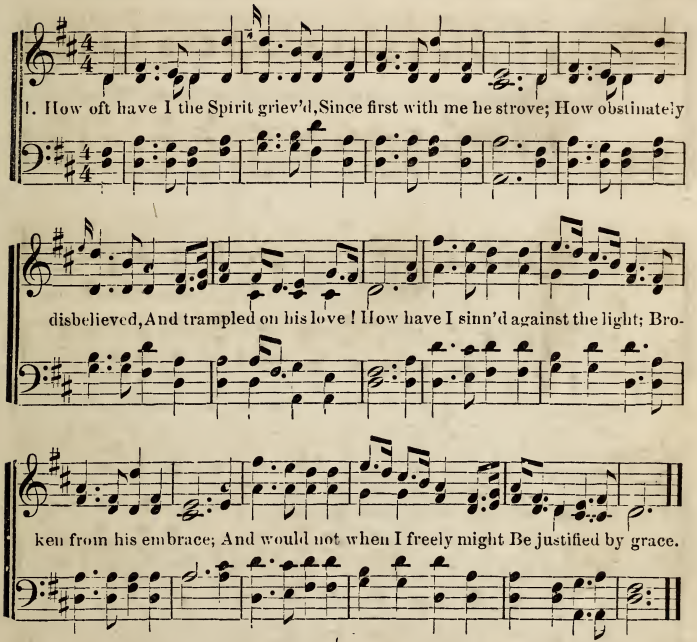
2 Long my troubled soul has waited
Low in abject sorrow bowed;
Will he never hear my crying?
Will he never lift the cloud? *Cho.*

3 All the world is filled with wonder
At his mighty deeds of grace;
Devils at his presence tremble,
Darkness flies before his face. *Cho.*

4 Art thou coming, O my Saviour?
Do I hear thy sacred voice?
Shall my sightless eyes behold thee?
Shall my weeping soul rejoice? *Cho.*

5 Hark! He calls me! lo! the healing,
Balm and blessing at his word!
Light thro' all my senses stealing,
Lo! I look upon my Lord!
CHO.—O thou Son of David hear me,
Let me never lose the sight,
Keep, O keep me ever near thee,
Bathing in the hallowed light.

C. WESLEY, 1749. WEISENTHAL.



2 But after all that I have done
To drive him from my heart,
The Spirit leaves me not alone,—
He doth not yet depart;
He will not give the sinner o'er;
Ready e'en now to save,
He bids me come as heretofore,
That I his grace may have.

3 I take thee at thy gracious word;
My foolishness I mourn;
And unto my redeeming Lord,
However late, I turn.
Saviour. I yield, I yield at last;
I hear thy speaking blood;
Myself, with all my sins, I cast
On my atoning God.

(Tune, ZION.)

1 Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty,
Hold me with thy powerful hand;
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey through;
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me thro' the swelling current,
Land me safe on Cannan's side;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

Wm. Williams, 1774.

The Solid Rock. L. M.

E. MOTE. Wm. B. BRADBURY, by per.

1. My hope is built on nothing less Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame, But wholly lean on Je - sus' name:
On Christ, the Sol - id Rock, I stand; All oth - er ground is
sink - ing sand, All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand.

2.

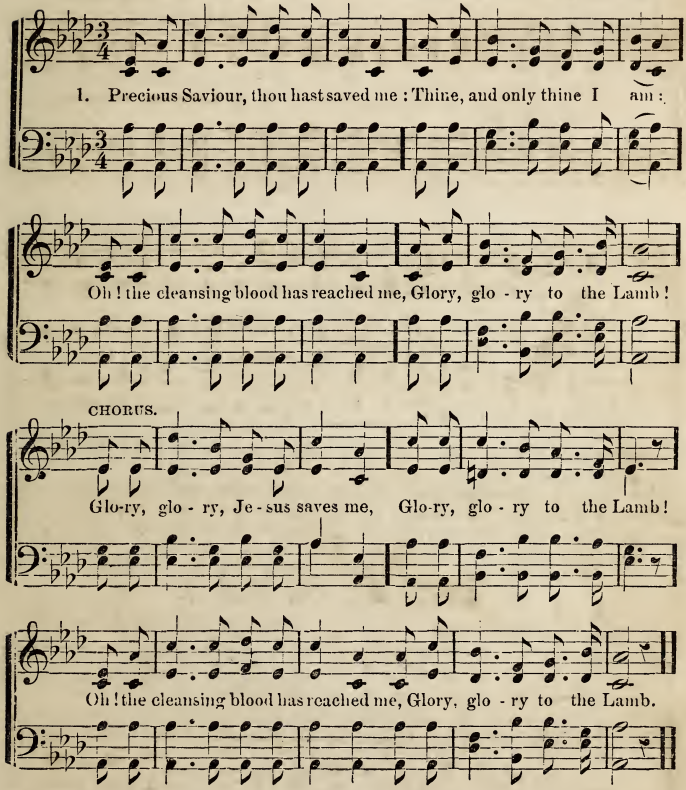
When darkness seems to veil His face,
I rest on His unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the vale:
On Christ, the Solid Rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

3.

His oath, His covenant, and blood,
Support me in the whelming flood:
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay:
On Christ, the Solid Rock, I stand
All other ground is sinking sand.

Full Salvation.

Words by LOUISE M. ROUSE. Music by Miss DORA BOOLE.



2 Long my yearning heart was trying
To enjoy this perfect rest ;
But I gave all trying over :
Simply trusting, I was blest.—*Cho.*

3 Trusting, trusting every moment ;
Feeling now the blood applied ;
Lying at the cleansing fountain ;
Dwelling in my Saviour's side.—*Cho.*

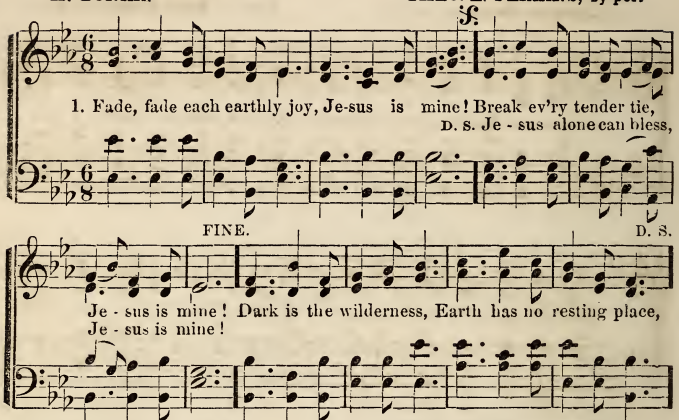
4 Consecrated to thy service,
I will live and die to thee :
I will witness to thy glory
Of salvation full and free,—*Cho.*

5 Yes, I will stand up for Jesus :
He has sweetly saved my soul,
Cleansed me from inbred corruption,
Sanctified, and made me whole,—*Cho.*

6 Glory to the blood that bought me !
Glory to its cleansing power !
Glory to the blood that keeps me !
Glory, glory, evermore !—*Cho.*

Jesus is Mine. 6s & 4s.

H. BONAR. THEO. E. PERKINS, by per.

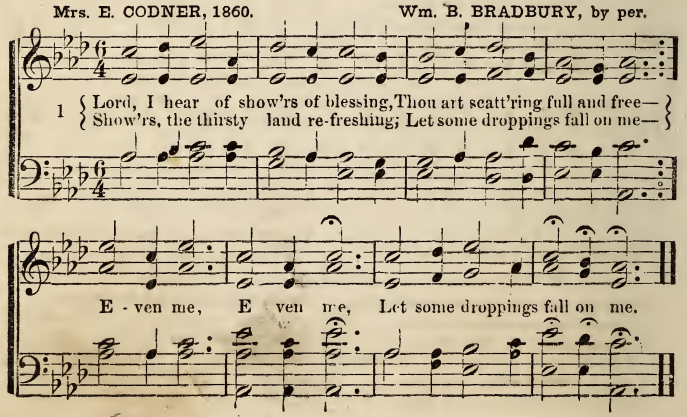


2 Tempt not my soul away,
Jesus is mine!
Here would I ever stay,
Jesus is mine!
Perishing things of clay,
Born but for one brief day,
Pass from my heart away,
Jesus is mine!

3 Farewell ye dreams of night,
Jesus is mine!
Lost in this dawning bright,
Jesus is mine!
All that my soul has tried,
Left but a dismal void,
Jesus has satisfied,
Jesus is mine!

Even Me. 8s, 7s & 3.

Mrs. E. CODNER, 1860. Wm. B. BRADBURY, by per.



ALEXANDER CLARK.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

ROBERT LOWRY.
From "Royal Diadem," by per.

Tenderly.

1. Heavenly Father, bless me now; At the cross of Christ I bow;
Take my guilt and grief a - way; Hear and heal me now, I pray.

REFRAIN.

Bless me now, bless me now, Heavenly Fa - ther, bless me now.

2 Now, O Lord! this very hour,
Send thy grace and show thy power;
While I rest upon thy word,
Come and bless me now, O Lord!
Refr.

3 Now, just now, for Jesus' sake,
Lift the clouds, the fetters break;
While I look, and as I cry,
Touch and cleanse me ere I die.
Refr.

4 Never did I so adore
Jesus Christ, thy Son, before;
Now the time! and this the place!
Gracious Father, show thy grace.
Refr.

---

2 Pass me not, O God, my Father!
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let thy mercy light on me—
Even me.

3 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour!
Let me live and cling to thee;
For I'm longing for thy favor;
Whilst thou'rt calling, oh! call me—
Even me.

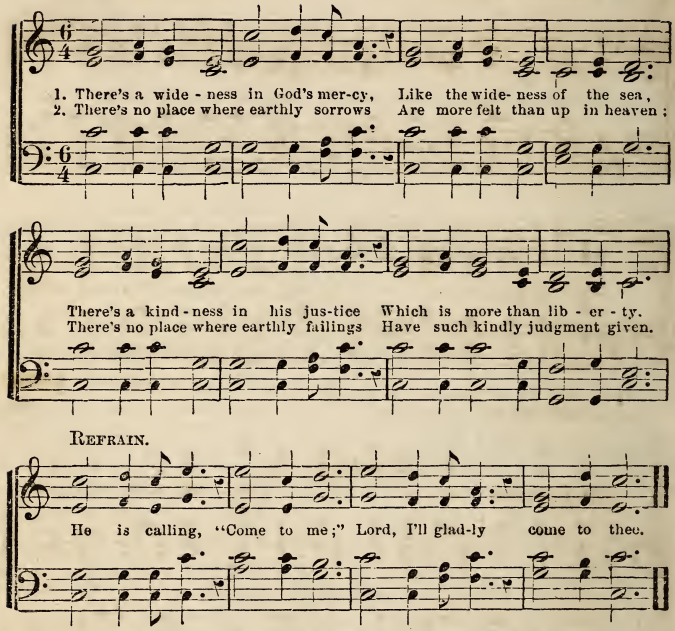
4 Have I long in sin been sleeping—
Long been slighting, grieving thee?
Has the world my heart been keeping?
Oh! forgive and rescue me—
Even me.

5 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak some word of power to me—
Even me.

Tune, "Even Me," page 102.

Come nearer Jesus.

Words by FABER. Arr. by S. J. VAIL.



3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind. *Refr.*

4 But we make his love too narrow
By false limits of our own;
And we magnify his strictness
With a zeal he will not own. *Refr.*

5 Pining souls! come nearer Jesus;
Come, but come not doubting thus,
Come with faith that trusts more freely
His great tenderness for us. *Refr.*

6 If our love were but more simple
We should take him at his word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord. *Refr.*

GOD IS LOVE.

1 God is love; his mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss he wakes, and woe he lightens;
God is wisdom, God is love. *Refr.*

2 Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays, and ages move;
But his mercy waneth never;
God is wisdom, God is love. *Refr.*

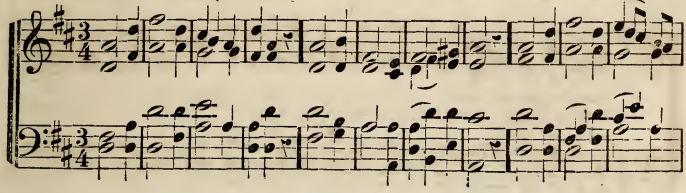
3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth,
Will his changeless goodness prove;
From the gloom his brightness streameth;
God is wisdom, God is love. *Refr.*

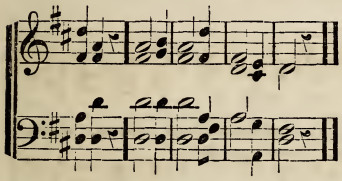
4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above:
Everywhere his glory shineth;
God is wisdom, God is love. *Refr.*

J. BOWRING.

Rathbun. 8s & 7s.

SIR JOHN BOWRING, 1825. ITHAMAR CONKEY.





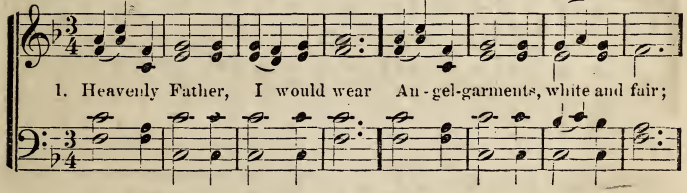
1 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

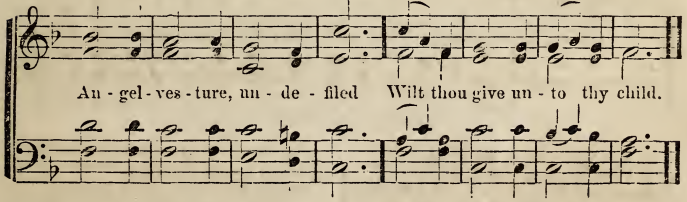
2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive and fears annoy,
Never shall the Cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the Cross the radiance streaming
Adds new lustre to the day.

Aletta. 7s.

LUCY LARCOM. Wm. B. BRADBURY, by per.





2 Take the raiment soiled away,
That I wear with shame to-day:
Give my angel robes to me,
White with heaven's own purity.

3 Take away my cloak of pride,
And the worthless rags 'twould hide;
Clothe me in my angel dress,
Beautiful with holiness.

4 Let me wear the white robes here,
E'en on earth, my Father dear,
Holding fast thy hand, and so,
Through the world unspotted go.

Only just across the River!

Words by Mrs M. A. KIDDER.

Wm. H. DOANE.
From "Bright Jewels," by per.

1. Only just across the riv-er, Ov-er on the other side,
Where the angels are in waiting, And the pure ..... in heart abide;

Where there is no pain or sorrow To intrude on heavenly rest, On-ly

CHORUS.

just across the riv er, Stand the mansions of the blest. Only just across the

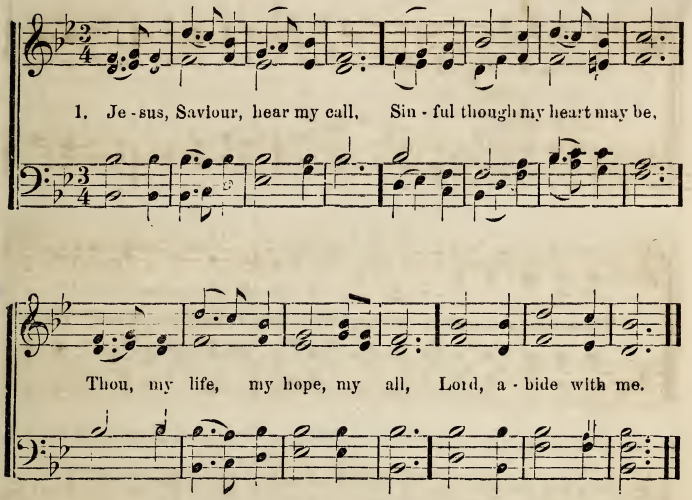
riv-er, Where the saints are passing over, On-ly just across the riv-er,

O-ver on the oth-er side.

2.

Only just across the river,
Are the friends we loved below,
Clad in pure and spotless garments,
That are whiter than the snow;
They have braved cold Jordan's billows,
And have pass'd thro' death's alarms,
They are free from every sorrow,
In the Saviour's loving arms. *Cho.*

FANNY J. CROSBY, 1865. SYLVESTER MAIN, 1865.



2 Lonely in a stranger land,
Cast me not away from thee,
Lead me by thy gentle hand,
Lord, abide with me.

3 Thou hast died the lost to save,
Died to set the captive free,
Thou didst triumph o'er the grave,
Lord, abide with me.

4 Fill me with thy love divine,
Consecrate my life to thee,
Bend my stubborn will to thine,
Lord, abide with me.

5 When the shades of death prevail,
Father, let me cling to thee;
When I pass the gloomy vale,
Still abide with me.

6 Then, O then, my raptured soul
Heaven's eternal rest shall see;
There, while endless ages roll,
Live and reign with thee.

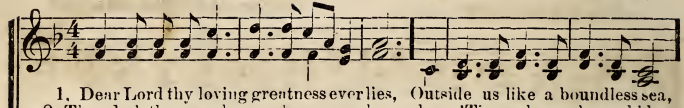
Tune, "Only just Across the River." Page 106.

3 Only just across the river,
Where the hills of glory shine,
There the pearly gates unfolding,
Lead the soul to joy divine.
There the tree of life is blooming,
And the living waters glide,
Only just across the river,
Over on the other side. *Cho.*

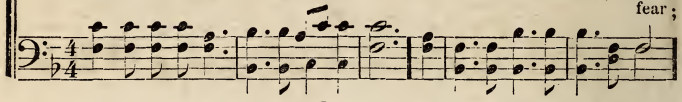
4 Only just across the river
Are the robes of spotless white;
Only just across the river
Are the crowns of glory bright.
And the saints and angels joining
In the songs with one accord,
Only just across the river.
Sing the praises of the Lord. *Cho.*

Faber.

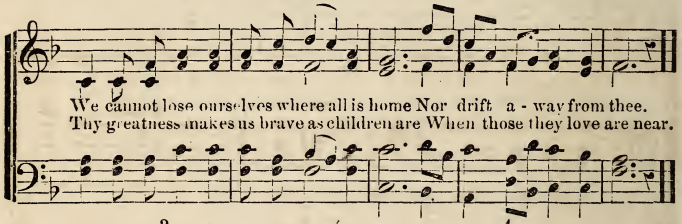
Rev. F. W. FABER. Miss CARRIE Mc DONALD.



1. Dear Lord thy loving greatness ever lies, Outside us like a boundless sea,
2. Thus doth thy grandeur make us grand ourselves, 'Tis goodness always bids us fear;



We cannot lose ourselves where all is home Nor drift a - way from thee.
Thy greatness makes us brave as children are When those they love are near.



3.

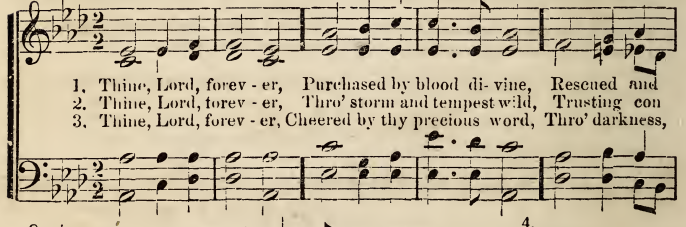
Great God! our lowliness takes heart to play
Beneath the shadow of Thy state,
The only comfort of our littleness,
Is that Thou art so great.

4.

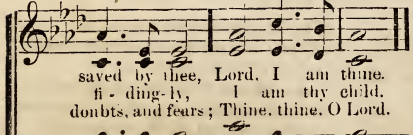
Then on Thy grandeur I will lay me down;
Already life is heaven for me;
No cradled child more softly lies than I,—
Come soon eternity!

Thine, Lord, forever!

W. BENNETT, 1868. HUBERT P. MAIN, by per.



1. Thine, Lord, forev - er, Purchased by blood di- vine, Rescued and
2. Thine, Lord, forev - er, Thro' storm and tempest wild, Trusting con
3. Thine, Lord, forev - er, Cheered by thy precious word, Thro' darkness,



saved by thee, Lord, I am thine.
fi - ding-ly, I am thy child.
doubts, and fears; Thine, thine, O Lord.

4.

Thine, Lord, forever,
Tho' death shall lay me low,
E'en in that dreadful hour,
Thine, Lord, I know.

5.

Thine, Lord, forever,
When safe before thy throne
I stand, for evermore
Thine, thine, alone.

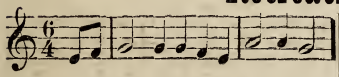
JOS. SWAIN, 1792. FREEMAN LEWIS, 1813. Arr.

1. O Thou, in whose pres - ence my soul takes de - light, On whom, in af - flic - tion I call; My com - fort by day, and my song in the night, My hope, my sal - va - tion, my all.
2. Where dost thou at noon - tide re - sort with thy sheep, To feed in the pas - ture of love? For why in the val - ley of death should I weep, Or a - lone in the wil - der - ness rove?

3 O, why should I wander, an alien from thee,
Or cry in the desert for bread?
Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see,
And smile at the tears I have shed.

4 He looks, and ten thousands of angels rejoice,
And myriads wait for his word;
He speaks, and eternity, fill'd with his voice,
Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.

Retreat. L. M.



1.
From every stormy wind that blows.
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;
'T is found beneath the mercy-seat.

2.
There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads—
A place than all besides, more sweet;
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

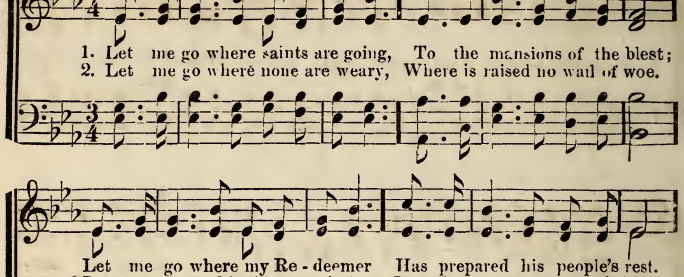
3.
There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Tho' sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

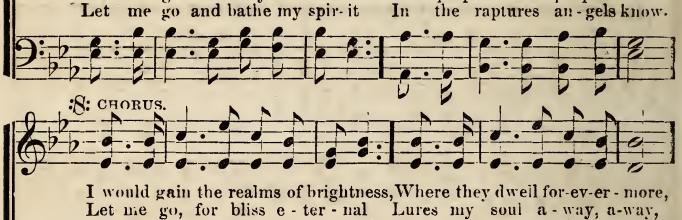
4.
There, there, on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

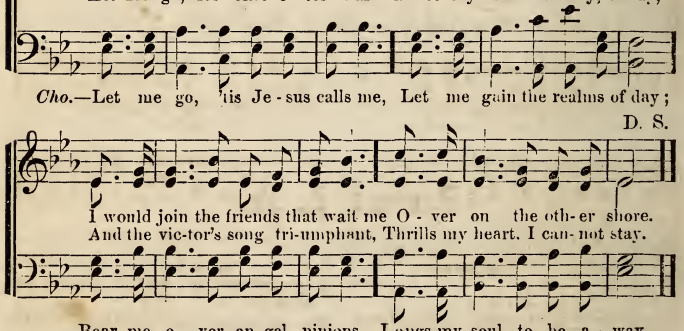
HUGH STOWELL, 1828.

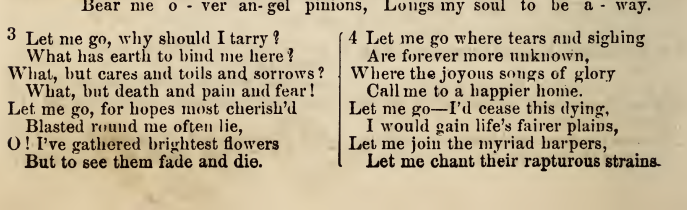
Let Me Go!

Words by Rev. L. H. Rev. L HARTSOUGH, by per.







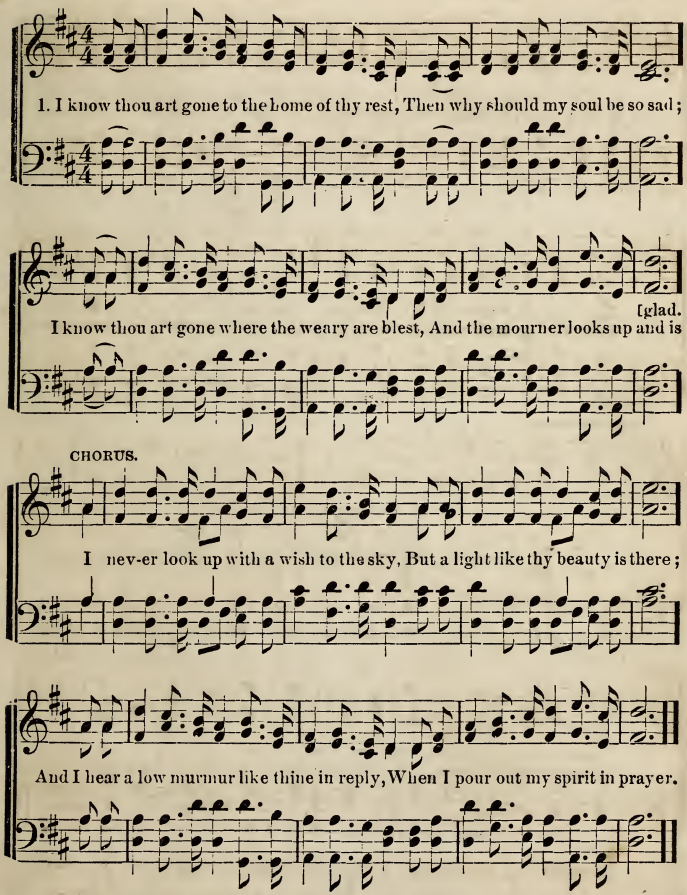


3 Let me go, why should I tarry?
What has earth to bind me here?
What, but cares and toils and sorrows?
What, but death and pain and fear!
Let me go, for hopes most cherish'd
Blasted round me often lie,
O! I've gathered brightest flowers
But to see them fade and die.

4 Let me go where tears and sighing
Are forever more unknown,
Where the joyous songs of glory
Call me to a happier home.
Let me go—I'd cease this dying,
I would gain life's fairer plains,
Let me join the myriad harpers,
Let me chant their rapturous strains.

I know Thou art gone!

Mrs MARY S. B. DANA. Wm. B. BRADBURY, by per.



2 In thy far away home, wheresoe'er it may be,
I know thou hast visions of mine;
And my heart hath revealings of thine and of thee,
In many a token and sigh.
I never look up, etc.

3 In the hush of the night, on the waste of the sea,
Or alone with the breeze on the hill;
I have ever a presence that whispers of thee,
And my spirit lies down and is still.
I never look up, etc.

Harp. C. M.

S. WESLEY. STEPHEN JENKS. (— 1856) 1803.

1. Be - hold the Sav - iour of mankind Nail'd to the shame - ful tree;
How vast the love that him in - clined To bleed and die for thee!

2 Hark, how he groans, while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend:
The temple's vail in sunder breaks,—
The solid marbles rend.

3 'Tis done! the precious ransom's paid!
Receive my soul! He cries;
See where he bows his sacred head;
He bows his head and dies.

4 But soon he'll break death's envious chain,
And in full glory shine:
O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
Was ever love, like thine?

Cross and Crown. C. M.

G. N. ALLEN. A. CHAPIN.

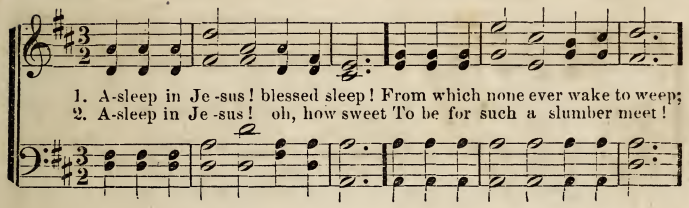
1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
No, there's a cross for ev - ery one, And there's a cross for me.

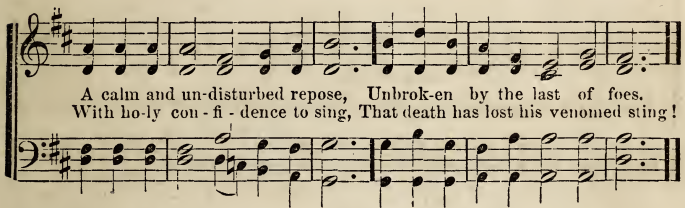
2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here;
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me!

Rest. L. M.

MARGARET MACKAY, 1832. Wm. B. BRADBURY, by per.



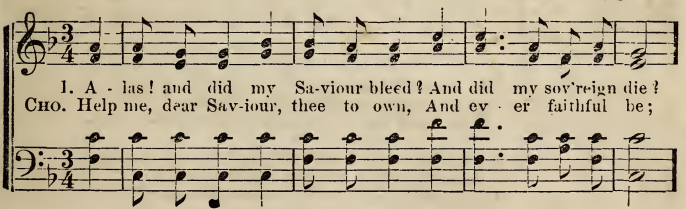


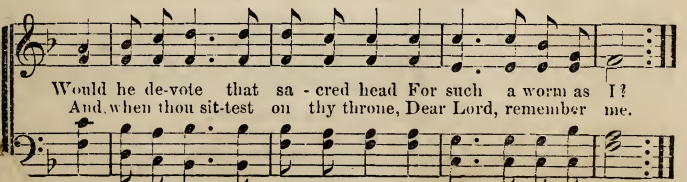
3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour,
That manifests the Saviour's power,

4 Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me
May such a blissful refuge be!
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high,

Remember Me.

ASA HULL, by per.





Peacefully Rest.

WILLIAM BATCHELDER, BRADBURY.
From "Golden Chain," by per.

1. An-oth-er fleeting day is gone; Slow o'er the west the shadows rise;

Swift the soft-stealing hours have flown, And night's dark mantle va'ls the skies.

CHORUS

f *pp*

Peacefully rest, Peacefully rest, Rest till the morning, Peacefully rest.

2 Another fleeting day is gone;
In solemn silence rest, my soul!
Bow down before His awful throne,
Who bids the morn and evening roll. *Cho.*

3 Soon shall a darker night descend,
And vail from me yon azure skies;
And soon shall death's oppressive hand
Lie heavy on these languid eyes. *Cho.*

4 Yet when beneath the dreadful shade,
I lay my weary frame to rest,
That night shall not make me afraid;
That bed the dying Saviour pressed. *Cho.*

5 Again emerging from the night,
I, like my risen Lord shall rise;
Again drink in the morning light,
Pure at its fount above the skies. *Cho.*

The Dear Ones all at Home.

Rev. H. BONAR.

Wm. B. BRADBURY, by per.
From "Golden Shower."

1. Beyond the smiling and the weeping, I shall be soon; Beyond the waking and the sleeping, Beyond the sowing and the reaping, I shall be soon.

Love, rest, and home! Sweet, sweet home! O how sweet it will be there to meet The dear ones all at home. at home.

1st. 2d.

2 Beyond the rising and the setting,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the calming and the fretting,
Beyond remembering and forgetting,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet, sweet home!
‖: O how sweet it will be there to meet
The dear ones all at home. :‖

3 Beyond the parting and the meeting,
I shall be soon:
Beyond the farewell and the greeting,
Beyond the pulse's fever-beating,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet, sweet home!
‖: O how sweet it will be there to meet
The dear ones all at home. :‖

4 Beyond the frost-chain and the fever,
I shall be soon:
Beyond the rock-waste and the river,
Beyond the ever and the never,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet, sweet home!
‖: O how sweet it will be there to meet
The dear ones all at home. :‖

Heaven is my Home.

THOS. R. TAYLOR, 1834. Dr. LOWELL MASON.

1. { I'm but a stranger here,—Heav'n is my home; } Danger and sorrow stand
{ Earth is a desert drear,—Heav'n is my home; }

Round me on ev - 'ry hand; Heav'n is my fath-er-land,—Heav'n is my home.

2 What tho' the tempest rage?
Heav'n is my home;
Short is my pilgrimage,
Heav'n is my home:
Time's cold and wintry blast
Soon will be over-past,
I shall reach home at last,—
Heav'n is my home.

3 There at my Saviour's side,—
Heav'n is my home;
I shall be glorified:—
Heav'n is my home:
There are the good and blest,
Those I love most and best,
There, too I soon shall rest,—
Heav'n is my home!

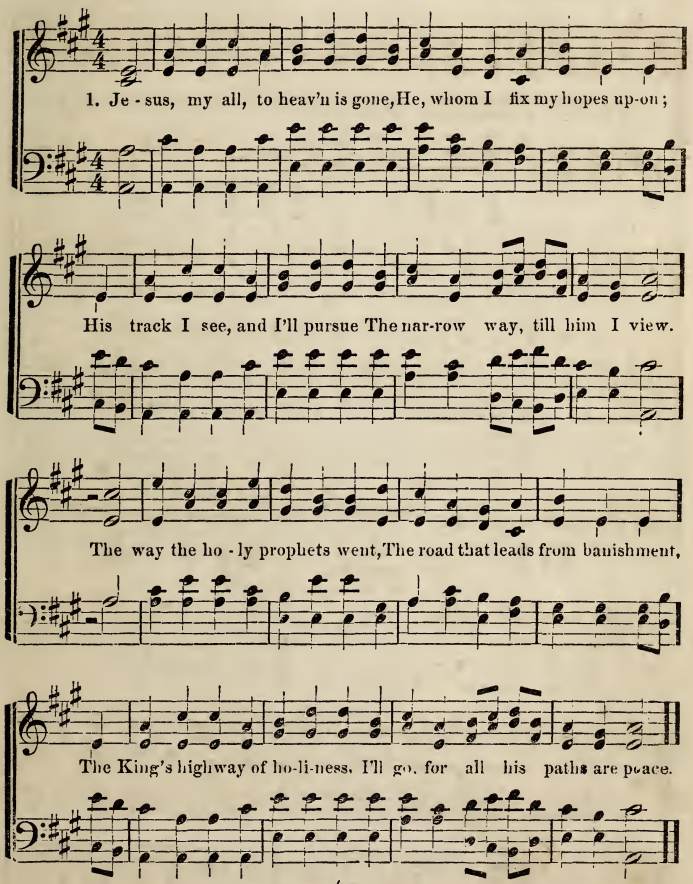
St. Philip. S. M.

JNO. FAWCETT. 1772. GEO. KINGSLEY.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian love;
2. Be - fore our Fath-er's throne, We pour our ar - dent prayers;

The fel-low-ship of kindred minds Is like to that a - bove.
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,— Our comforts and our cares.

JOHN CENNICK, 1743. Rev. GEO. COLES.



2 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not;
My grief a burden long has been,
Because I was not saved from sin.
The more I strove against its power,
I felt its weight and guilt the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,—
Come hither, soul, I am the way.

3 Lo! glad I come; and thou blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee, as I am:
Nothing but sin have I to give,—
Nothing but love shall I receive.
Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say,—Behold the way to God.

If I were a Voice.

From "Song Crown," by per. ISAAC BEVERLY WOODBURY.

1. If I were a voice, a persuasive voice. That could travel the wide world
2. If I were a voice, a con - sol-ing voice, I'd fly on the wings of the

PIANO OR ORG.

through, I would fly on the beams of the morning light. And speak to men with a
air; The homes of sorrow and guilt I'd seek, And calm and truthful

gentle might, And tell them to be true. I would fly. I would fly o - ver
words I'd speak, To save them from despair. I would fly, I would fly o'er the

land and sea. Wherev- er a hu - man heart might be, Telling a tale or
crowded town, And drop, like the happy sunlight, down In - to the hearts of

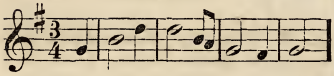
singing a song In praise of the right—in blame of the wrong, I would fly,
suffering men, And teach them to look up a - gain: I would fly,

I would fly, I would fly. I would fly, I would fly over land and sea.
I would fly, I would fly, I would fly, I would fly o'er the crowded town.

3 If I were a voice, a convincing voice,
I'd travel with the wind,
And wherever I saw the nations torn,
By warfare, jealousy, spite or scorn,
Or hatred of their kind,
I would fly. I would fly on the thunder crash,
And into their blinded bosoms flash;
Then, with their evil thoughts subdued,
I'd teach them Christian brotherhood,
I would fly, I would fly,
I would fly on the thunder crash.

4 If I were a voice, an immortal voice,
I would fly the earth around:
And wherever man to his idols bowed,
I'd publish in notes both long and loud
The Gospel's joyful sound.
I would fly, I would fly on the wings of day,
Proclaiming peace on my world-wide way,
Bidding the saddened earth rejoice—
If I were a voice, an immortal voice,
I would fly. I would fly.
I would fly on the wings of day.

Pilesgrove. L. M.



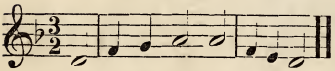
1 O thou, to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart, it pants for thee;
O burst these bonds, and set it free.

2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross;
Nail my affections to the cross;
Hallow each thought; let all within
Be clean, as thou, my Lord, art clean.

3 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be thou my light, be thou my way:
No foes, no violence I fear,
No fraud, while thou, my God, art near.

4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jesus, thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

Windham. L. M.



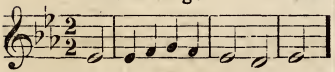
1 Show pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live.
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

2 My crimes are great, but don't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace;
Great God, thy nature hath no bound—
So let thy pard'ning love be found.

3 O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.

4 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace;
Lord, should thy judgments grow severe,
I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.

Uxbridge. L. M.



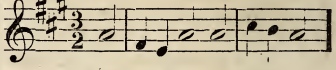
1 Lord, I am thine, entirely thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine;
With full consent thine I would be,
And own thy sov'reign right in me.

2 Grant one poor sinner more a place
Among the children of thy grace;
A wretched sinner, lost to God,
But ransom'd by Immanuel's blood.

3 Thine would I live, thine would I die;
Be thine through all eternity;
The vow is past beyond repeal,
And now I set the solemn seal.

4 Here, at that cross where flows the blood
That bought my guilty soul for God,
Thee, my new Master, now I call,
And consecrate to thee my all.

Forrest. L. M.



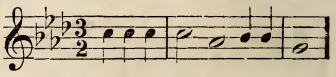
1 O that my load of sin were gone;
O that I could at last submit
At Jesus' feet to lay it down—
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet.

2 Rest for my soul I long to find:
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free;
I cannot rest till pure within—
Till I am wholly lost in thee.

4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God;
Thy light and easy burden prove;
The cross all stain'd with hallow'd blood,
The labor of thy dying love.

Missionary Chant. L. M.

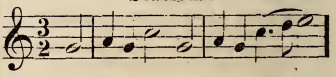


1 Ye Christian heralds, go proclaim
Salvation in Immanuel's name;
To distant climes the tidings bear,
And plant the rose of Sharon there.

2 He'll shield you with a wall of fire,
With holy zeal your hearts inspire,
Bid raging winds their fury cease,
And calm the savage breast to peace.

3 And when our labors all are o'er,
Then shall we meet to part no more—
Meet with the blood-bought throng to fall,
And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

Sessions. L. M.



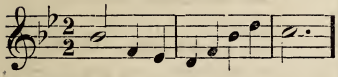
1 I thirst, thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in thy cleansing blood;
To dwell within thy wounds; then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

2 Take my poor heart, and let it be
Forever closed to all but thee:
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love forever there.

3 How blest are they who still abide
Close shelter'd in thy bleeding side!
Who thence their life and strength derive,
And by thee move, and in thee live.

4 What are our works but sin and death,
Till thou thy quick'ning Spirit breathe?
Thou giv'st the power thy grace to move;
O wondrous grace! O boundless love!

Northfield. C. M.



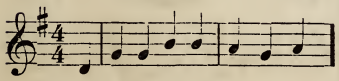
1 O for a thousand tongues, to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace.

2 My gracious Master, and my God,
Assist me to proclaim—
To spread, through all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy name.

3 Jesus!—the Name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of cancel'd sin,
He sets the pris'ner free:
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood avail'd for me.

Coronation. C. M.



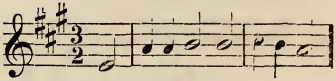
1 All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransom'd from the fall,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

Azmon. C. M.



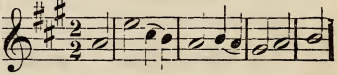
1 O for a closer walk with God—
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd!
How sweet their mem'ry still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest:
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

Stephens. C. M.



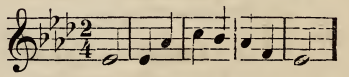
1 O for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free;
A heart that always feels thy blood,
So freely spilt for me;

2 A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak—
Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean;
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within;

4 A heart in every thought renew'd,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.

Evan. C. M.

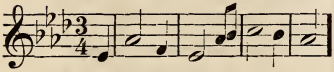


1 In mercy, Lord, remember me,
Through all the hours of night,
And grant to me most graciously
The safeguard of thy might.

2 With cheerful heart I close mine eyes,
Since thou wilt not remove:
O, in the morning let me rise
Rejoicing in thy love.

3 Or, if this night should prove my last,
And end my transient days;
Lord, take me to thy promised rest,
Where I may sing thy praise.

Avon. C. M.



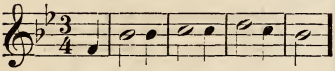
1 Jesus, thine all-victorious love
Shed in my heart abroad:
Then shall my feet no longer rove,
Rooted and fix'd in God.

2 O that in me the sacred fire
Might now begin to glow;
Burn up the dross of base desire,
And make the mountains flow.

3 O that it now from heaven might fall,
And all my sins consume:
Come, Holy Ghost, for thee I call;
Spirit of burning, come.

4 Refining fire, go through my heart;
Illuminate my soul;
Scatter thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.

Ortonville. C. M.



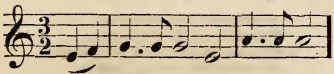
1 Once more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To Him that rules the skies.

2 Night unto night his name repeats,
The day renews the sound;
Wide as the heavens on which he sits,
To turn the seasons round.

3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame;
My tongue shall speak his praise;
My sins might rouse his wrath to flame,
But yet his wrath delays.

4 O God, let all my hours be thine,
Whilst I enjoy the light;
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a peaceful night.

Heber. C. M.



1 Come, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts resolve,
Come, with your guilt and fear oppress'd,
And make this last resolve:

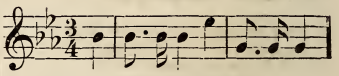
2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Like mountains round me close;
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

3 Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell him, I'm a wretch undone
Without his sov'reign grace.

4 Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But, if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

5 I can but perish if I go—
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die.

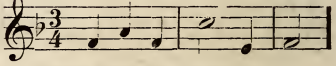
Varina. C. M. D.



1 There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
There everlasting spring abides,
And never-with'ring flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

2 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dress'd in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.
Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

Gerar. S. M.



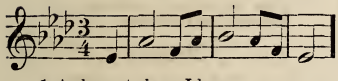
1 Give to the winds t y fears;
Hope, and be undismay'd;
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears;
God shall lift up thy head.

2 Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou his time, so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

3 Still heavy is thy heart?
Still sink thy spirits down?
Cast off the weight—let fear depart,
And every care be gone.

4 What though thou rulest not;
Yet heaven, and earth, and hell,
Proclaim: God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well.

Kentucky. S. M.



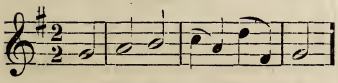
1 A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill—
O may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live,
And O, thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

Shirland. S. M.



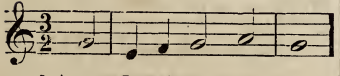
1 Come, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord
While ye surround his throne.

2 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But servants of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

3 The God that rules on high,
That all the earth surveys,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And calms the roaring seas;

4 This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our Love;
He will send down his heavenly powers
To carry us above.

Boylston. S. M.



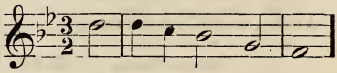
1 And can I yet delay
My little all to give?
To tear my soul from earth away
For Jesus to receive?

2 Nay, but I yield, I yield;
I can hold out no more:
I sink, by dying love compell'd,
And own thee conqueror.

3 Though late, I all forsake;
My friends, my all, resign:
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
And seal me ever thine.

4 Come, and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove;
Settle and fix my wav'ring soul
With all thy weight of love.

State Street. S. M.



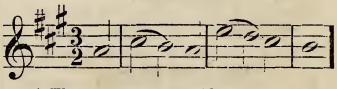
1 My God, my life, my love,
To thee, to thee I call:
I cannot live, if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.

2 Thy shining grace can cheer
This dungeon where I dwell:
'Tis paradise when thou art here;
If thou depart, 'tis hell.

3 The smilings of thy face,
How amiable they are!
'Tis heaven to rest in thine embrace,
And nowhere else but there.

4 To thee, and thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss;
They sit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.

Thatcher. S. M.



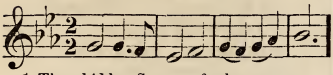
1 Thou very-present aid
In suff'ring and distress;
The mind which still on thee is stay'd
Is kept in perfect peace.

2 The soul by faith reclined
On the Redeemer's breast,
'Mid raging storms, exults to find
An everlasting rest.

3 Sorrow and fear are gone,
Whene'er thy face appears;
It stills the sighing orphan's moan,
And dries the widow's tears.

4 It hallows every cross:
It sweetly comforts me;
Makes me forget my every loss,
And find my all in thee.

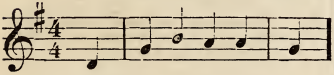
Supplication. L. M. 6 lines.



1 Thou hidden Source of calm repose,
Thou all-sufficient Love divine,
My help and refuge from my foes,
Secure I am while thou art mine:
And lo! from sin, and grief, and shame,
I hide me, Jesus, in thy name.

2 Thy mighty name salvation is,
And keeps my happy soul above:
Comfort it brings, and power, and peace,
And joy, and everlasting love:
To me, with thy great name, are given
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.

Carmarthen. H. M.

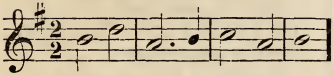


1 Let earth and heaven agree,
Angels and men be join'd,
To celebrate with me
The Saviour of mankind:
T' adore the all-atoning Lamb,
And bless the sound of Jesus' name.

2 Jesus! transporting sound!
The joy of earth and heaven;
No other help is found,
No other name is given,
By which we can salvation have;
But Jesus came the world to save.

3 Jesus! harmonious name!
It charms the host above;
They evermore proclaim,
And wonder at, his love:
'Tis all their happiness to gaze—
'Tis heaven to see our Jesus' face.

Pleyel's Hymn. 7s.



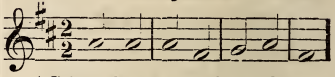
1 Depth of mercy! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

2 I have long withstood his grace;
Long provoked him to his face;
Would not hearken to his calls;
Grieved him by a thousand falls.

3 Now incline me to repent;
Let me now my sins lament;
Now my foul revolt deplore.
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

4 Kindled his relentings are;
Me he now delights to spare;
Cries, How shall I give thee up?—
Lets the lifted thunder drop.

Prayer. 7s.



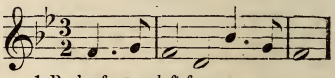
1 Prince of peace, control my will;
Bid this struggling heart be still;
Bid my fears and doubtings cease—
Hush my spirit into peace.

2 Thou hast bought me with thy blood,
Open'd wide the gate to God:
Peace I ask—but peace must be,
Lord, in being one with thee.

3 May thy will, not mine, be done;
May thy will and mine be one:
Chase these doubtings from my heart;
Now thy perfect peace impart.

4 Saviour! at thy feet I fall;
Thou my life, my God, my all!
Let thy happy servant be
One for evermore with thee!

Toplady. 7s, 6 lines.

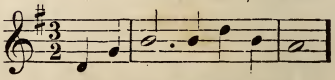


1 Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure—
Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to the cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

Oron. 7s, 6 lines.

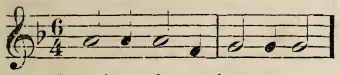


1 By thy birth, and by thy tears,
By thy human griefs and fears;
By thy conflict in the hour
Of the subtle tempter's power—
Saviour, look with pitying eye;
Saviour, help me, or I die.

2 By the tenderness that wept
O'er the grave where Laz'rus slept;
By the bitter tears that flow'd
Over Salem's lost abode—
Saviour, look with pitying eye;
Saviour, help me, or I die.

3 By thy lonely hour of prayer;
By the fearful conflict there;
By thy cross and dying cries;
By thy one great sacrifice —
Saviour, look with pitying eye;
Saviour, help me, or I die.

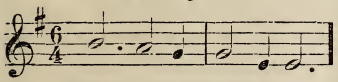
Martyn. 7s, double.



1 Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee:
Leave, O leave me not alone;
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is stay'd;
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

Bethany. 6s & 4s.



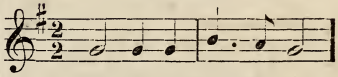
1 Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me.
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

2 Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness comes over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

3 There let my way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

4 Or, if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

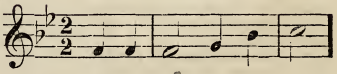
New Haven. 6s & 4s.



1 My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary:
Saviour divine,
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
O let me, from this day,
Be wholly thine.

2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart;
My zeal inspire:
As thou hast died for me,
O may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be—
A living fire.

*** The Convert.** 12s & 9s.



1 O how happy are they
Who the Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasures above;
Tongue can never express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love.

2 That sweet comfort was mine,
When the favor divine
I received through the blood of the Lamb;
When my heart first believed,
What a joy I received—
What a heaven in Jesus' name?

3 'Twas a heaven below
My Redeemer to know,
And the angels could do nothing more
Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.

4 Jesus, all the day long,
Was my joy and my song:
O that all his salvation might see;
He hath loved me, I cried,
He hath suffer'd and died,
To redeem even rebels like me.

* Or, "Home of the Soul," page 58.

INDEX.

Titles in SMALL CAPS; First Lines in Roman.

	Page
ABIDE WITH ME	107
A charge to keep I have	123
Ah, tell me not of gold or treasure	79
ALAS! AND DID MY SAVIOUR BLEED	13
ALETTA. 7s.	105
ALL FOR JESUS	63
All glory to Jesus be given	32
All hail the power of Jesus' name	121
ALL TO CHRIST I OWE	48
ALMOST PERSUADED	81
AND CAN IT BE?	93
And can I yet delay	123
Another fleeting day is gone	114
Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep!	113
A soft sweet voice from Eden	49
AT THE CROSS THERE'S ROOM	10
AVON. C. M	122
AZMON. C. M	121
BEAUTIFUL HOME OF THE BLEST	44
BEAUTIFUL RIVER	68
Behold the Saviour of mankind	112
BELIEVER. C. M	90
BELOVED. 11s & 8s	109
BETHANY. 6s & 4s	125
Beyond the smiling and the weeping	115
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus	43
BLESS ME NOW	103
Blest be the tie that binds	116
BOYLSTON. S. M	123
Breaking through the clouds that	50
BRIGHT FOREVER	50
BY THE GATE THEY'LL MEET US	33
By Thy birth, and by Thy tears	124
CAN my soul find rest from sorrow	45
CARMARTHEN. H. M	124
CARRIE. 7s, 6s & 8s	96
CLEANSING FOUNTAIN	20
CLEANSING WAVE	19
Come, brethren, don't grow weary	54
COME, COME TO JESUS!	51
Come, humble sinner, in whose	122
COME NEARER, JESUS	104
Come, O thou Traveler unknown	64
Come ye that love the Lord	123
CONSECRATION	72
CORONATION. C. M	121
CROSS AND CROWN. C. M	112
DEAR Jesus, I long to be perfectly	25
Dear Lord, thy loving greatness	108
Depth of Mercy, can there be	124
DUANE STREET. L. M	117
EVAN. C. M	121
EVEN ME	102
FABER	108
Fade, fade each earthly joy	102
FORREST. L. M	120
FOR THOU HAST DIED FOR ME	36
From every stormy wind that	109
FULL SALVATION	101
GATE AJAR FOR ME	11
GERAR. S. M	122
Give to the winds thy fears	122
GLORY TO THE LAMB!	17
God is love, His mercy brightens	104
God loved the world of sinners	42
GUIDE. 7s. DOUBLE	60
Guide me, O thou great Jehovah	99
HAMBURG. L. M	90
HARP. C. M	112
HEAVEN IS MY HOME	116
Heavenly Father, bless me now	103
Heavenly Father, I would wear	105
HEBER. C. M	122
HE LEADETH ME	77
Holy Spirit, faithful Guide	60
HOME OF THE SOUL	58
HOW CAN I KEEP FROM SINGING?	22
How oft have I the Spirit grieved	99
How sweet the name of Jesus	96
I'M but a stranger here	116
I AM COMING, LORD	86
I am coming to the Cross	53
I am far frae my hame, an' I'm	31
I'M GOING HOME	62
I'M HAPPY, I'M HAPPY	87
I'M KNEELING AT THE CROSS	18
I am so glad that our Father in	91
I AM THE DOOR	27
I AM THINE OWN	56
I AM TRUSTING, LORD, IN THEE	53
I AM WAITING BY THE RIVER	82
I AM WAITING FOR THE SAVIOUR	98
I COME TO THEE	47
IF I WERE A VOICE	118
IF TO JESUS FOR RELIEF	83
I have entered the valley of blessing	12
I hear the Saviour say	48
I hear thy welcome voice	86
I KNOW THOU ART GONE	111
I LOVE THEE	97
I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY	6

Page

I NEED THEE EVERY HOUR..... 8
In God I have found a retreat..... 34
In mercy, Lord, remember me..... 121
In some way or other, the Lord 59
In the Christian's home in glory..... 95
In the Cross of Christ I glory..... 105
In the fadeless Spring-time. 33
In the Rifted Rock I'm resting..... 14
I stand all bewildered with wonder... 69
I thirst, thou wounded Lamb of God. 120
I will sing you a song of that 58

JESUS, I MY CROSS HAVE TAKEN.... 76
JESUS IS MIGHTY TO SAVE..... 32
JESUS IS MINE 6s & 4s 102
Jesus, keep me near the Cross..... 78
Jesus, let thy pitying eye 96
Jesus, lover of my soul..... 125
JESUS LOVES EVEN ME 91
Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone..... 117
JESUS PAID IT ALL 40
Jesus, Saviour, hear my call..... 107
Jesus, thine all-victorious love..... 122
Just as I am, without one plea..... 90

KENTUCKY. S. M..... 123

LAND ahead, its fruits are waving... 9
LAND OF BEULAH..... 52
Let earth and heaven agree 124
LET ME GO..... 110
LIGHT AND COMFORT OF MY SOUL.... 38
LIKE THE SOUND OF MANY WATERS.. 94
LOOK, LOOK TO JESUS..... 87
Lord, I am thine. entirely thine..... 120
Lord, I hear of showers of blessings.. 102
LOVE OF JESUS, ALL DIVINE 92
Loving Saviour, hear my cry..... 46

MARTYN. 7s DOUBLE..... 125
MARY MAGDALEN 89
MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M..... 120
MORE LOVE TO THEE, O CHRIST..... 7
Mourner, wheresoe'er thou art..... 10
Must Jesus bear the Cross alone?.... 112
MY AIN COUNTRIE 31
My body, soul, and spirit 72
My faith looks up to Thee..... 125
MY GOAL IS CHRIST 79
My God, my life, my love.. 123
My heavenly home is bright and fair. 62
My hope is built on nothing less..... 100
My latest sun is sinking fast..... 52
My life flows on in endless song 22
MY SAVIOUR, MY ALMIGHTY FRIEND. 62

NAUGHT of merit or of price..... 40
Nearer, my God, to Thee..... 125
NEAR THE CROSS..... 78
NEW HAVEN. 6s & 4s..... 125
NORTHFIELD. C. M..... 121
NOTHING BUT LEAVES..... 84

O FOR a closer walk with God..... 121
O for a heart to praise my God... 121

Page

O for a thousand tongues to sing..... 121
Oh bliss of the purified! bliss of..... 24
OH, HOW HE LOVES..... 37
Oh, how sweet when we mingle..... 26
Oh, now I see the crimson wave..... 19
O how happy are they, Who their.... 125
OH, SING OF HIS MIGHTY LOVE..... 24
Oh, sometimes the shadows are..... 66
OLD, OLD STORY..... 80
Once more, my soul, the rising day... 122
One more day's work for Jesus..... 55
One there is above all others 37
ONLY JUST ACROSS THE RIVER..... 106
ONLY ONE WAY TO THE CROSS..... 35
ONLY THEE 71
Only Thee, my soul's Redeemer..... 71
ORON. 7s. 6 lines..... 124
ORTONVILLE. C. M..... 122
O sing to me of Heaven 67
O that my load of sin were gone..... 120
O the sleep of just a moment..... 36
O, think of a home over there..... 39
O THOU GOD OF MY SALVATION..... 29
O Thou, in whose presence my..... 109
O Thou, to whose all searching sight. 120
OUR LOVED ONES GONE BEFORE. 26
O, when shall I sweep through the .. 15
O, who'll stand up for Jesus..... 57
O ye that are weary and laden..... 74

PASS ME NOT, O GENTLE SAVIOUR... 5
PEACEFULLY REST 114
PENITENCE. 7s, 6s & 8s..... 96
PILESGROVE. L. M..... 120
PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s..... 124
PRAYER. 7s..... 124
PRECIOUS JESUS! 61
Precious Jesus, O, to love Thee..... 61
PRECIOUS NAME..... 8
Precious Saviour, thou hast saved.... 101
PRINCE OF MY PEACE..... 69
Prince of Peace, control my will..... 124

RATHBUN. 8s & 7s..... 105
REMEMBER ME. C. M..... 113
REST. L. M..... 113
REST FOR THE WEARY..... 95
RESTING AT THE CROSS 28
REST IN THEE 43
RETREAT. L. M..... 109
REVIVE US AGAIN 57
RIFTED ROCK..... 14
RIVER OF SONG..... 36
Rock of Ages! cleft for me..... 124
ROCK THAT IS HIGHER 66

SAFE IN THE ARMS OF JESUS..... 4
SAFE WITHIN THE VAIL 9
SAINT PHILIP. S. M..... 116
SAVE ME AT THE CROSS..... 46
SECRET PRAYER..... 21
SESSIONS. L. M..... 120
Shall we gather at the river..... 68
SHALL WE MEET IN HEAVEN..... 41
SHIRLAND. S. M..... 123

	Page
Show pity, Lord, O Lord forgive	120
Sing to me of Heaven	67
Sinner, come, will you go?	56
Sinner invited	56
Sinners, turn; why will ye die?	60
Solid Rock	100
Song of Hope	49
State Street. S. M.	123
Stephens. C. M.	121
Supplication. L. M. 6 lines	124
Surrender	99
Sweet by-and-by	16
Sweet Rest	74
Sweet Rest in Heaven	54
Sweet Hour of Prayer	75
Take the name of Jesus with you	8
Tell me, Jesus	85
Tell me the old, old story	80
Thatcher. S. M.	123
The angels that watched round	53
The blood, the blood is all my	18
The Blood, the Precious Blood!	73
The Bright Forever	50
The Cleansing Fountain	20
The Cleansing Wave	19
The Convert. 12s & 9s	125
The Cross	65
The Cross, the Cross! the blood	73
The Dear Ones all at Home	115
The Gate ajar for Me	11
The Land of Beulah	52
The Lord will Provide	59
The Old, Old Story	80
The Penitent	45
The Precious Name	8
The Prince of my Peace	69
There is a fountain filled with	20
There's a wideness in God's	104
There is a gate that stands ajar	11
There's a land far away	88
There is a land of pure delight	122
There's a land that is fairer than	16
There is an hour of calm relief	21
There is no friend like Jesus	70
There is only one way to the cross	35
The Resurrection	53
The Rifted Rock	14
The River of Song	36
The Rock that is Higher	66
The Sinner Invited	56
The Solid Rock	100
The Song of Hope	49
The Surrender	99
The Sweet By-and-By	16
The True Friend	70
The Valley of Blessing	12
The world is overcome by the	17
Thine, Lord, Forever!	108
Thou hidden source of calm	124
Thou very present aid	123
Toplady. 7s. 6 lines	124
To the Cross of Christ, my	28
To the hall of the feast, came the	89
True Friend	70
Under His Wings. Uxbridge. L. M.	34 / 120
Vain, delusive world, adieu	96
Valley of blessing	12
Varina. C. M. Double	122
We've a home over there	39
Welcome to Glory	15
We praise Thee, O God! for the	57
We shall meet	23
What to me are earth's pleasures	26
When clouds hang darkly o'er	30
When I survey the wondrous	65
Whiter than Snow	25
Who'll stand up for Jesus?	57
Windham. L. M.	120
Wondrous Love	42
Wrestling Jacob	64
Ye Christian heralds, go proclaim	120

☞ *Most of the Hymns and Tunes in this Work are Copyright property, and can only be used by permission first obtained from the Authors or Publishers.*

WARREN, Music Stereotyper, 43 Centre St., N. Y.

Our New Sunday School Song Book!

"BRIGHTEST AND BEST"

By Rev. ROB'T LOWRY & W. HOWARD DOANE,

The Popular Authors of "Pure Gold" and "Royal Diadem."

BRIGHTEST AND BEST is now ready. Over 100,000 Copies were delivered and Sold before it had been before the public 30 days. Our facilities enable us to issue 5,000 copies every working day, and hence orders are filled with great promptness.

BRIGHTEST AND BEST is of the same size and shape as "ROYAL DIADEM" and "PURE GOLD," and is sold at the old price,

35 Cents retail; $30 per 100 Copies in Board Covers.

It has now become an established fact, that a large proportion of the Sunday Schools in this country look chiefly and confidently to our house to provide them with the best Sunday School Songs. We feel assured that the confidence thus reposed in us will be strengthened and confirmed by the character of the new work which we now offer.

BRIGHTEST AND BEST has all the advantage which comes from years of experience in this important labor. It has been the constant study of its authors and publishers to meet the healthful demand of our Sunday Schools in the department of Praise. We have earnestly endeavored to reach the highest popular standard in the preparation and selection of Sunday School Songs, and have received abundant testimony that our efforts in this direction are appreciated in every part of the land.

Among the excellent Hymn writers who have contributed to BRIGHTEST AND BEST, are the following:

MRS. FANNY CROSBY,	REV. A. A. GRALEY,	C. B. STOUT,
MRS. ELLEN H. GATES,	W. BENNETT,	REV. ALFRED TAYLOR,
MRS. ANNIE S. HAWKS,	S. S. FISHER,	WM. STEVENSON,
MRS. CAROLINE DANA HOWE,	DR. C. R. BLACKALL,	REV. T. J. SHEPHERD,
MRS. LYDIA BAXTER,	REV. ROBERT LOWRY,	WILLIAM MOORE,
MRS. M. A. KIDDER,	REV. GEO. C. LORIMER, D.D.	REV. M. A. FOX,
MISS. ELLEN M. HASTINGS,	REV. A. J. ROWLAND,	R. H. LOWRY,
MISS JOSEPHINE POLLARD,	REV. E. G. TAYLOR, D.D.	EDWARD A. BARNES,
REV. J. B. ATCHINSON,	W. H. MCNAGER,	REV. M. R. WATKINSON,

One Copy, with Paper Cover, will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 *cts.*

Orders will be filled in turn as received.

If you want a new book for your Sunday School, get either "BRIGHT JEWELS," "PURE GOLD" or "ROYAL DIADEM;" none have surpassed them. If you have used these and prefer something entirely new, send your orders for BRIGHTEST AND BEST.

Booksellers all over the world sell our publications; if your bookseller does not sell them, send at once to the publishers. Address:

BIGLOW & MAIN, Publishers, P. O. "Station D;" 76 E. 9th St., N. Y.

No. 91 WASHINGTON ST., CHICAGO.